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JANUARY, 1951

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 42 No. 1 JANUARY, 1951

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Cover Design

by *Camera Clix*

Articles

Census of the Population
by *Guy Livingston* 13 and 66

Queer Jobs in Freak Times
by *Ferdinand Tuohy*
Illustrations
by *Lowen* 14–15 and 56

I Walked and Talked with Robert Louis Stevenson
by *Clive Holland* 16 and 58

Still Living in the Stone Age
by *Martin Thornhill* 20 and 62

A Drama of the Revolution
Written by *Arnold Wareing*
Illustrations
by *Jack Matthew* 21–24 and 68

The Civilized Eskimo
by *Frank Illingworth*
Decoration
by *J. Nicholson* 25 and 59

The Bottle of Medicine Mentality
by *A Wimpole Street Doctor*
Decoration
by *J. Nicholson* 28 and 60

Books :
Reviewed
by *Trevor Allen* 32 and 68

Home Section

Plates
by *Sam Beazley* 33
Finishing Polish 34
Beginner's Garden
by *Ernest Challoner, F.R.H.S.* 35 and 67
Knitting :
Ribbed Cardigan 36 and 66
Deep-Welted Jumper 36 and 66
Weather Report 37
The Mystery of the Avenue Montaigne
by *Winifred Lewis* 38–39
What Do You Know?
by *Rosetta Desbrow* 40–41
Motion-Study Kitchen 42–43
Renovating Woollies
by *Sheila Richardson* 44
Converts 45
Health and Beauty :
by *Chrysis*
Prevention Is Better Than Pedicure 46 and 67
What Kind Of Skin? 46–47
Put a Sparkle In It 48
Concerning Pleats 49
Man Proposes 50 and 68
Sales Technique
by *Lorna Lewis* 51
Cookery :
by *Harriet Muir*
Invalid Cookery 52–53
Sandwich Fillings 52–53
Cooking With Oil 52
Growing Out Of It
by *Dr. Rose May, M.D.* 54 and 67
Simple To Trace, Easy To Work 55

Stories

Eleventh Hour Tears
by *Clive Burnley*
Illustrations
by *Pauline Baynes* 9–12 and 56

The Delicate Ones
by *Barry Perowne*
Illustrations
by *Frank Lea* 17–19 and 63

Truth For Happiness
by *Ruth Yorck*
Illustration
by *D. L. Wynne* 26–27 and 61

The Four Accusers
by *Michael Hastings* 29-31 and 64

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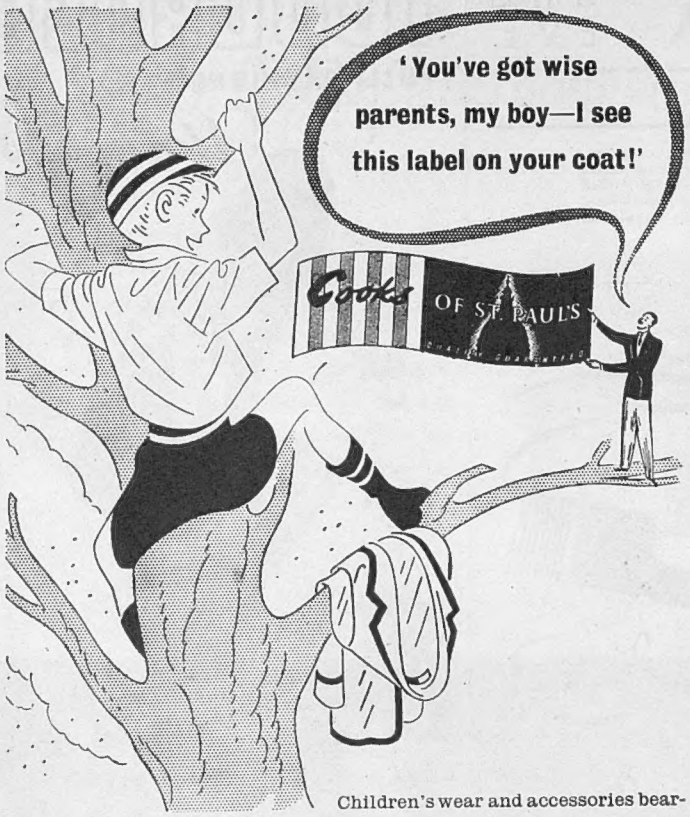

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C71

CASES - AND CONSEQUENCES

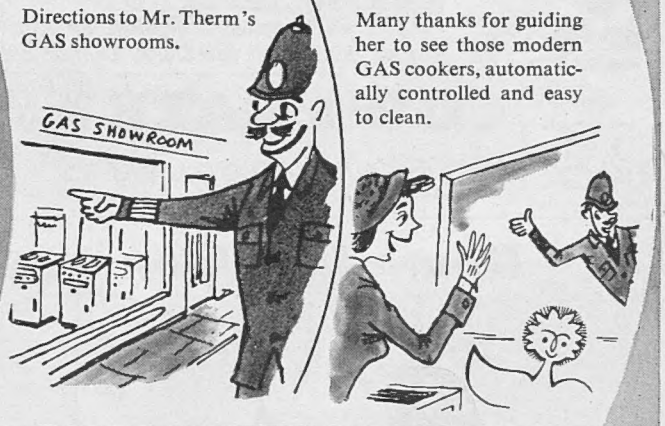
Mrs Hunt MET P.C.54 IN THE HIGH STREET

HE SAID TO HER: You're very late out shopping today, Ma'am!

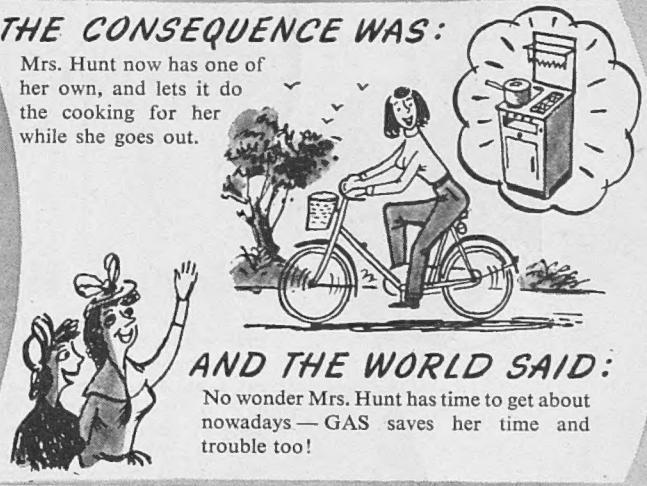
SHE SAID TO HIM: I know—it's taken me all morning to get lunch cooked.

HE GAVE HER: Directions to Mr. Therm's GAS showrooms.

SHE GAVE HIM: Many thanks for guiding her to see those modern GAS cookers, automatically controlled and easy to clean.

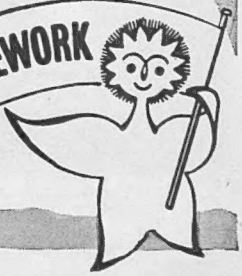


THE CONSEQUENCE WAS: Mrs. Hunt now has one of her own, and lets it do the cooking for her while she goes out.



AND THE WORLD SAID: No wonder Mrs. Hunt has time to get about nowadays — GAS saves her time and trouble too!

GAS GIVES YOU HOLIDAYS FROM HOUSEWORK



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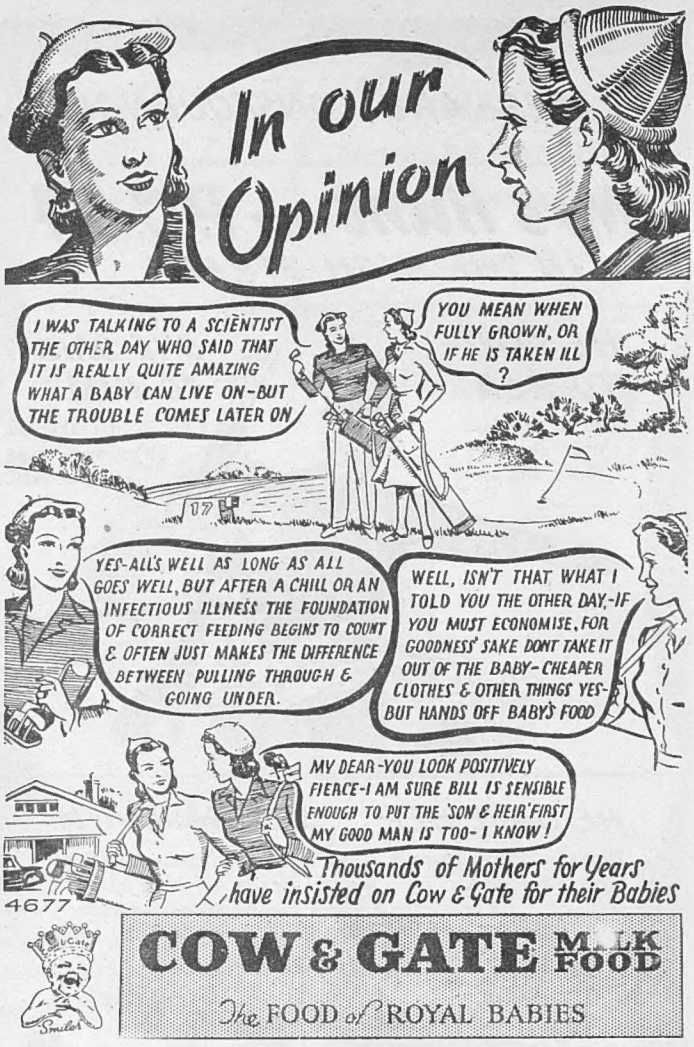
In our Opinion
I WAS TALKING TO A SCIENTIST THE OTHER DAY WHO SAID THAT IT IS REALLY QUITE AMAZING WHAT A BABY CAN LIVE ON-BUT THE TROUBLE COMES LATER ON
YOU MEAN WHEN FULLY GROWN, OR IF HE IS TAKEN ILL ?
YES-ALL'S WELL AS LONG AS ALL GOES WELL, BUT AFTER A CHILL OR AN INFECTIOUS ILLNESS THE FOUNDATION OF CORRECT FEEDING BEGINS TO COUNT & OFTEN JUST MAKES THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PULLING THROUGH & GOING UNDER.
WELL, ISN'T THAT WHAT I TOLD YOU THE OTHER DAY,-IF YOU MUST ECONOMISE, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE DONT TAKE IT OUT OF THE BABY-CHEAPER CLOTHES & OTHER THINGS YES-BUT HANDS OFF BABY'S FOOD
MY DEAR-YOU LOOK POSITIVELY FIERCE-I AM SURE BILL IS SENSIBLE ENOUGH TO PUT THE 'SON & HEIR' FIRST MY GOOD MAN IS TOO- I KNOW!
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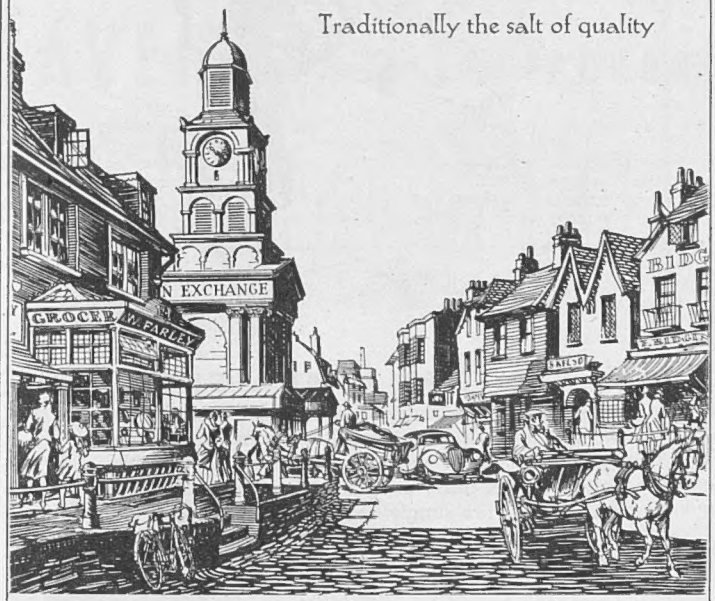

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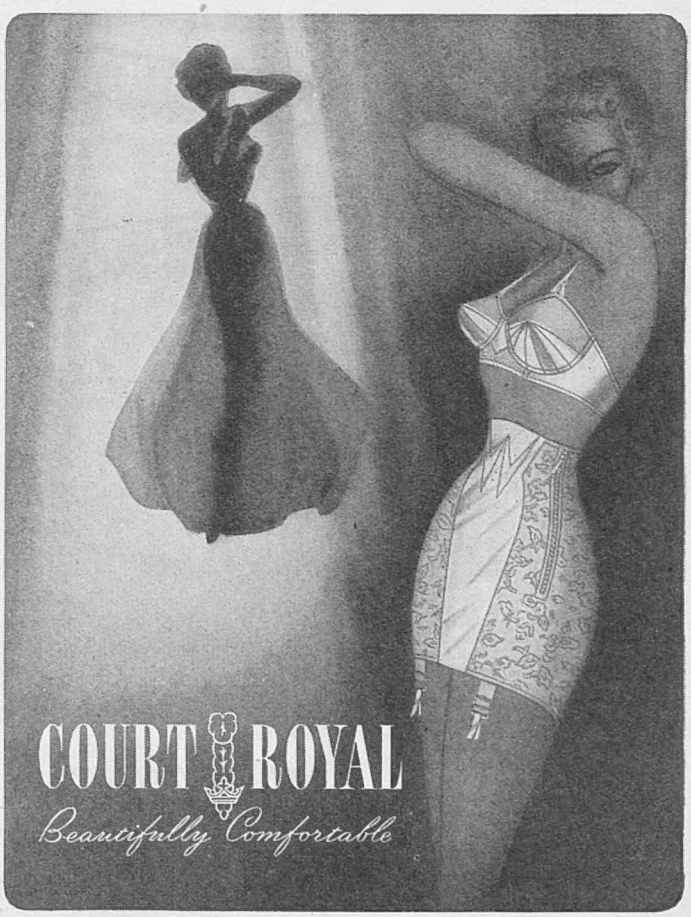

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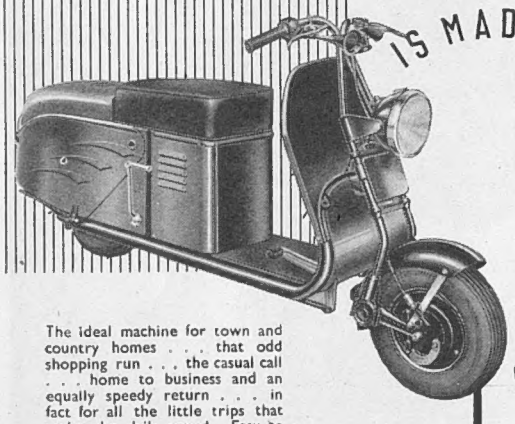

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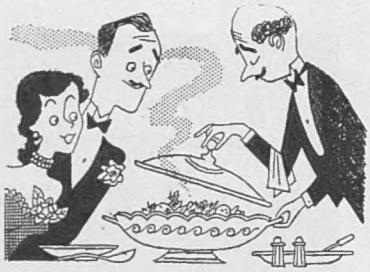

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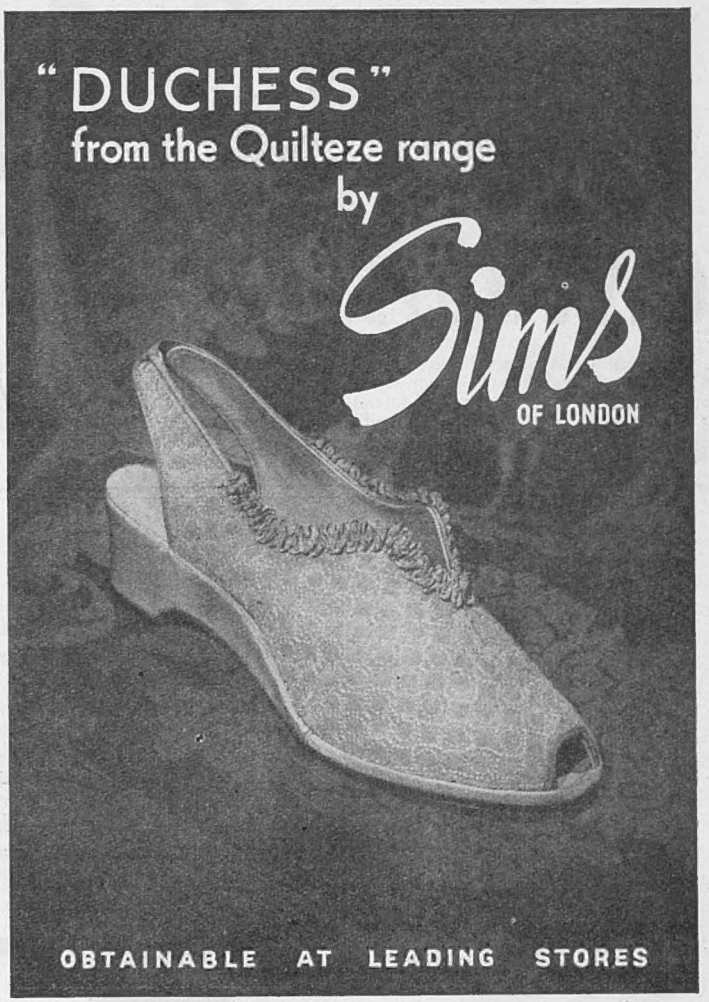


OBTAINABLE AT LEADING STORES

Unconsciously he allowed the pace to slacken, and the gig rattled on at a pace the horse chose, which was as well

Eleventh Hour Tears

A Short Story

by

Clive Burnley

VERY very noble; full of fire; glowing with the loftiest, and at the same time the most ardent sentiments . . . the face of Haverstock Wellby might have served as a model for a heroic bust.

It was such a pity that it was so dark no one could see it.

That August night in the year 1830 was profoundly dark. Warmth and darkness made the air feel thick, thick as treacle. The village clock chiming midnight sent out fuzzy, submerged sounds, as if it were drowned in this black viscosity. The glimmer of the gig lamps was faint-hearted, making the merest puddle of light in the gritty road.

Tong-tong-tong went the midnight chimes; the pulse of Haverstock Wellby beat a dozen times to every stroke. Would she be punctual?

She was. A rustle in the darkness, the faint click of the postern gate closing, and she was there, a dark and scented shape beside him.

"My darling one!" he said, and kissed her.

There was no time to waste; this was the urgent, the vital and decisive moment. He handed her into the gig, trotted his horse quietly for a quarter-mile, then, no matter how thick the night, brought the animal to a good round pace.

"To-morrow Scotland!" he cried. "And after that, my beloved Lucy, we shall belong to each other—for ever!"

"Yes, dear," said his passenger.

"For ever!" he said, and how his eyes shone—and to such little purpose in that blackness—"For ever we shall——"

"Yes, dear," said the girl. "But I shall be a very poor piece of property unless I get some sleep. I 'm very tired. Perhaps it 's the excitement."

"Sleep?"

"Sleep," she said. "Now if I put this cushion here, like that, and have the rug a little higher, and lean there like this—that 'll be quite comfortable. I shan't fall out. Oh, dear!" she yawned. "Good-night!"

"But Lucy, dearest! You surely——"

"Good-night," she said.

"Good-night, beloved," he managed to answer.

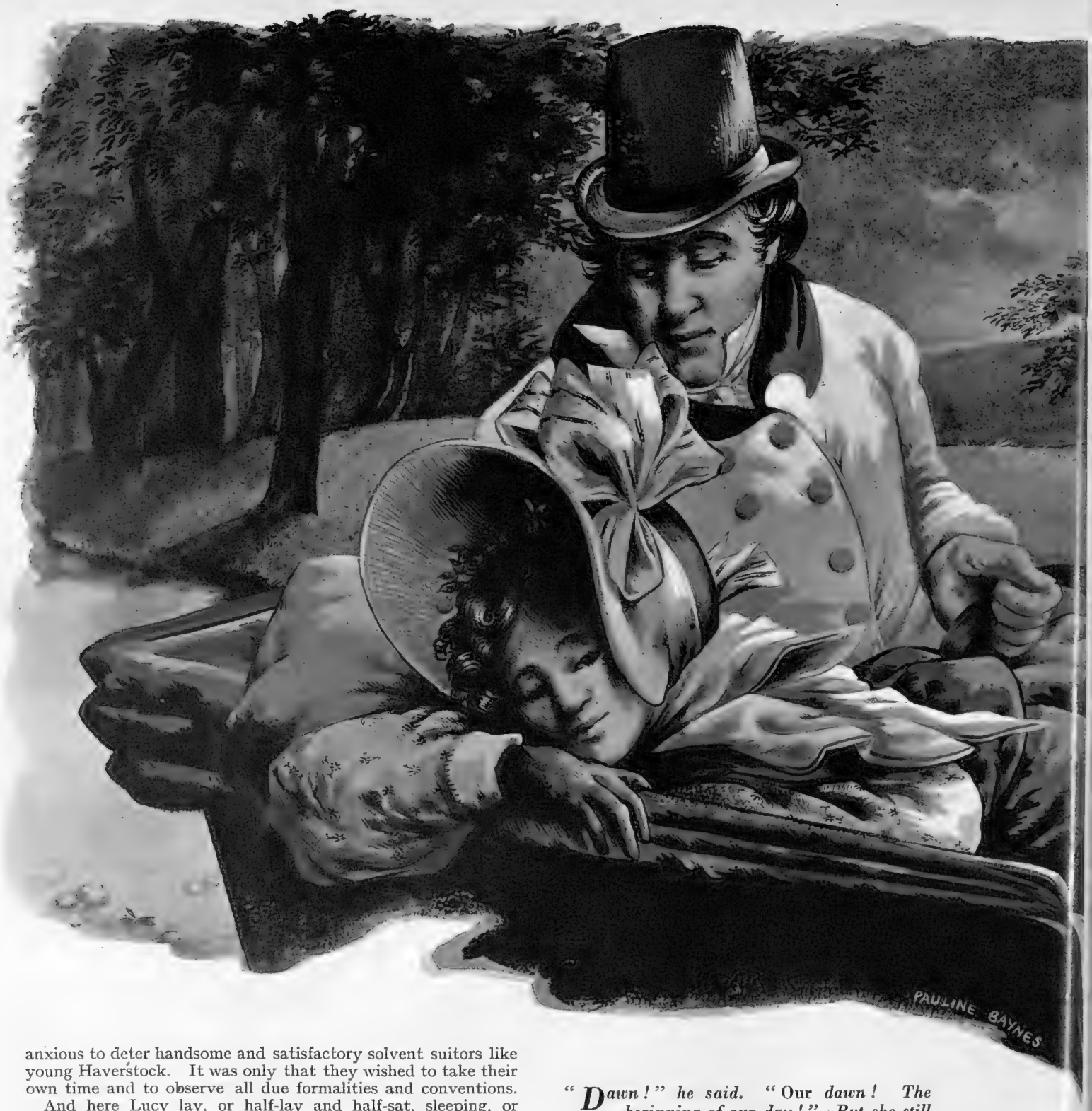
He was puzzled and hurt.

How was it possible that she should wish to sleep on such a night as this? Had not her fine phrasing of poetic sentiments, since the beginning of their courtship, outdone his own? Had she not made that courtship a thing of drama and fine speeches, of swoons and secret compacts . . . a thousand times protesting the depth and all-consuming nature of her feelings?

She had indeed, with a zest only matched by and, had he known it, suspiciously akin to, that of the liveliest heroines of fiction. And yet here she was; on this fateful night of high adventure, this night to remember, for it was of the sort that do not recur in lives . . . here she was, very tired, perhaps with excitement, and quite comfortable, if the rug and cushion were rearranged—and sleeping!

The bold cast of high resolve about Haverstock Wellby's features melted slowly, could it have been seen; pained little furrows ran across his brow; unconsciously he allowed the pace to slacken, and the gig rattled on through that thick night at a pace the horse chose, which was as well.

But to sleep, when eloping! To plan and plot furiously and dramatically for weeks in advance, merely to enjoy the clandestine thrills of galloping through the night to Gretna, and then to sleep! For although Haverstock never let the thought find words, having little patience with reason about that time, he knew quite well that the elopement had been planned under no sort of necessity—the Grahame-Stokes had three marriageable daughters to provide for and weren't



anxious to deter handsome and satisfactory solvent suitors like young Haverstock. It was only that they wished to take their own time and to observe all due formalities and conventions.

And here Lucy lay, or half-lay and half-sat, sleeping, or pretending to sleep. Haverstock's brow slowly cleared: he saw what it meant. She was only *pretending* to sleep. So deeply was she moved by the occasion that from the gay and eloquent girl he knew she had been transformed into this silent and overawed passenger; who sat there so quietly, no doubt treasuring each sound and shadow of this dramatic journey, cherishing them so closely she hardly dared share them, even with him, conscious of his strong presence beside her, and of the hardly seen road unwinding its miles—conscious of it all, but so overcome by her emotions that in sheer self-defence, she pretended to sleep.

This diagnosis so pleased young Haverstock that he immediately persuaded himself of its correctness. His jaw set again, his eyes sparkled, his back straightened. All was well, after all. He drove on faster: through the solid darkness of woodlands, through barred and shuttered villages, past an occasional inn whose windows still glowed for late travellers. At one of these last he changed the horse; then drove on northward again.

All the while the girl appeared to sleep. When he scraped axles with a coach, when they ran a quarter-mile with one wheel in the ditch, when some man unseen in a black copse called upon them to stop, doubtless to their disadvantage, when he lost his way and had to take a lamp to a finger-post to find it again, when a country drover cantered alongside for

"Dawn!" he said. "Our dawn! The beginning of our day!" But she still slept; with her face turned away from him. He sighed and drove on

half-an-hour, for the sake of company, talking of the coming harvest—at none of these times did she stir or speak. But he was happy now, for he knew why she was silent. From time to time he made certain that the rug and cushion were in the right places; apart from this he left her to her rapturous reverie.

WHEN the night began to end they were in Yorkshire, rattling over a road neatly penned between stone walls. A luminous green crack ran across the sky: it broadened and took fire at the edges. Against this livid stripe the moorland pines stood up blackly.

"Dawn!" he said. "*Our* dawn! The beginning of *our* day!"

But she still slept, with her face turned away from him. He sighed and drove on. The first morning twilight was green, as if the world were under water; then red; and then it was daylight, with a sky of quilted cloud, where the individual bosses of vapour lapped closely, like scales on a gigantic fish. The road ran to the rim of a dale and a dozen parishes were spread below it, field and farm and forest. It was an impressive sight after the blankness of night, and Haverstock forgot that he was in haste and perhaps pursued, and drew rein.

Illustrations by Pauline Baynes

The girl beside him sat up, shook her hair out of her eyes, yawned and made noises of waking.

"Oh, dear!" she said. "Where are we?"

"Well," he answered, thinking it out, "somewhere about——"

He didn't finish the sentence; he couldn't.

For a moment he was incapable of speech. The girl who sat beside him, rubbing her eyes, was not Lucy Grahame-Stoke. It was her next eldest sister.

"Penny!" he cried.

"Oh, dear," she said, seeing the look on his face. "I didn't tell you, did I? My sister couldn't come, so I came instead."

"Came instead!" cried Haverstock.

"So as not to disappoint you," she went on, and smiled thinly at him.

"So as not to—not to disappoint me!"

"Yes, Mr. Wellby. But I 'm afraid you do look rather disappointed, after all."

"Lucy couldn't come? Couldn't come? Why? What do you mean? Did her father——"

"Oh, dear me, no," said Penny. "Nothing would please him better than waking up one morning and finding we 'd all eloped, all three of us. It wasn't him."

"But—is she ill? Is Lucy ill? Or what has——"

"Oh, dear me, no," answered Penny. "Don't alarm yourself, please. She 's perfectly well. Or she was, at ten to twelve last night. Perfectly well. Crying rather a lot—you know how she does. Or perhaps you don't know."

"Crying!" cried Haverstock, in tragic tones. "Crying! Then something prevented her, some terrible thing happened. She was in tears because she couldn't come to me——"

"Oh, dear me, no," answered Penny. "She was in tears because she thought she might have to. Eleventh-hour tears. She often has them. Surely you know that?"

"Don't torture me!" he cried. "Tell me the truth."

"It was just the same in London last year," said the girl. "When Uncle Robert had arranged to take her to Kent in the Margate hoy, and she 'd only just remembered, ten minutes before they were due to sail, how terrified she was of the sea. She cried and cried. Dear child! So she didn't go in the end. It 's no good being seasick *and* crying, all at the same time, is it?"

"But Penny!" cried Haverstock, "you don't understand. This wasn't anything like a trip to Margate. We 'd planned it months ago, the finest moment of our lives—pledged ourselves to it—forgoing friends and family, everything!"

"Well, you see, it 's just the Margate hoy all over again," said Penny. "You see, just ten minutes before *you* were due to sail, she remembered how much she hated to forgo friends, family, everything. After all, Mr. Wellby, she 's so popular, so much admired. How could you expect her to put up with the admiration of one man only and never call on the Parristers again or go to the Toxophilite meetings or the balls at Shepton? How could you?"

"I—I don't know what to say," he told her. "Whatever Lucy feels—how could *you* deceive me like this? This cruel hoax—oh, Miss Penny, have you no feelings?"

"I 'm afraid not, Mr. Wellby," she said. "Not those sort of feelings: I 'm the plain sister, you know, and I can't indulge little whims like feelings. Besides, when Lucy does this sort of thing I always take her place. It 's a family tradition. It was I that went to Margate in the end."

"But the heartlessness——!"

"I did it for the best," she said. "Consider what might have happened. We couldn't have you coming thundering at doors and getting my father's blunderbuss let off in your face, or serenading outside Lucy's balcony, or breaking windows, or whatever it was you would have done. I don't know exactly *what* you would have done, but I 'm certain it would have been something noisy and dramatic and most disturbing at that time of night."

"But——"

"Besides," she said, "I had promised to go up to Attebrigges to stay with my Aunt Harriet for a fortnight, and as you happened to be going that way I felt sure you wouldn't mind taking me. I do so prefer travelling in company. I don't know exactly where we are, but that looks to me like Kirkby Crossdale down there, and if it is, why, it 's only two miles to Attebrigges, and you can drop me outside the lodge gates and then you can go on to the Crown at Petherton and have breakfast—it 's quite a nice house."

"I 'm amazed," he said sadly, "that any woman could have been so cruel, so heartless—so absolutely without principle. Words fail me! You 've taken advantage of my situation, in the most callous way, just so that you can travel more comfortably to Attebrigges, without considering——"

"Oh, dear," she said. "If you 're really upset, Mr. Wellby, I will undertake that my father will reimburse you the cost of the post-horses."

"And now," he told her, "you insult me."

"You haven't been very polite yourself," she pointed out. "You 've called me selfish and unprincipled and all sorts of things. I am surprised at you, Mr. Wellby. I thought you were such a well-mannered young man."

"If I have spoken too strongly," he said, "I apologise.

But how can you understand my feelings ? To have this bitter awakening, to have my dreams shattered like this ? How can you understand ? You 've never known the anguish of love."

" Indeed, but I have," said the girl. " With me it is all anguish. I fall in love with a great many handsome young men, from time to time, but they never fall in love with me. Fie ! " she said, " to make such a fuss about one little love lost when I make no to-do about fifty."

" Oh, dear me, yes," said Miss Penny. " You know she 's so muddle-headed about dates and times. I don't suppose she even realised that you were going to elope on the Toxophilite day until the very last moment. But never mind, Mr. Wellby. If you wait till she feels a little older and be very careful not to pick the same day they choose for the archery, why you may very probably rattle up to Gretna with your Lucy, in a year or two's time, if you want to."

Wellby sat in grim dejection as the chaise followed the falling road into the valley at a dismal pace—no longer a fit model for heroic statuary but an undertaker's mute, with the cold corpse of romance itself in the hearse he followed. Melancholy lines had appeared on either side of his mouth and his eyes were dull with disillusion ; but if it was a more miserable face than that with which he had set out, it was certainly an older one.

After a while he said :

" It is no laughing matter, Miss Penny," he said. " Yet why should I blame you ? It was Lucy who was cruel. But she was crying. Do you think she 's crying now ? "

" She may be," answered the girl, " but it 's a hundred to one she isn't. At this hour she 's probably asleep and I can't say what she 's dreaming of. But if she isn't, she 'll be striking attitudes in front of the long mirror with her bow and thinking what a Diana she will make. It 's the Toxophilite Meeting at Curry Park to-day."

" And she will *go* ? "

Penny, before she took her seat in the vehicle, was surprised to notice that the driver was wrapped up rather heavily in a driving-cape scarf, and broad-brimmed hat pulled low over his face

" I don't think I do," he said, and sighed. " Ah, well—we 'd better get on to Attebrigges, I suppose."

The morning flared into daylight. The clouds seemed to hurry away from the sun and soon there were broad, blue bays in the sky. But beneath them Haverstock

" Won't your Aunt Harriet think it very strange—your arriving so early ? "

" I expect she will," said Miss Penny, " but she will certainly not say so, or, if she does, she 'll do it very nicely. She 's my favourite aunt. In any case, people won't worry so much about me, you know, because I 'm the plain sister. If they mislaid Lucy for any length of time they 'd be sure the most horrible things had happened to her—but somehow they never think of me as being in any danger."

" You are cruel to yourself as well as other people, then, (*Continued on page* 56)

Census Of The Population

By
Guy Livingston

IT is just over three months to census day, 1951. To enable the Registrar-General to carry out his periodical check on the numbers and various aspects of Britain's population, returns will be made of everybody in the country as at midnight on Sunday, April 8. On that early spring week-end, heads of families and others responsible will sit down in their houses all over Britain, maybe with some head-scratching here and there, to the biggest piece of form-filling that Whitehall calls on its citizens to make.

For the fillers-in the task may comprise an hour or so's work, but for the General Register Office, which handles the census, the thing is a gigantic long-term operation. Quite apart from the preparatory work, sifting the vast mass of data contained in the millions of census returns will, at its peak, occupy 600 officials; and though a preliminary report will appear a few weeks after census day, it will be years before all the results are published.

Britain's last census was in 1931, but only in 1950 was the *General Report* issued, though admittedly war intervened in this case to lengthen the normal delay. Between those two dates appeared some ninety volumes of census reports. This formidable array of Blue Books was compiled from 31,000 volumes of census returns, the massive raw material (it weighed 180 tons and filled 8,700 cubic feet) from which was compiled our 1931 population-story in all its detail.

This time, all being well, we shall know about ourselves, as we are in 1951, by about 1955. But the Blue Books may increase to 120, and the total cost of the census, it is estimated, will jump from the 1931 figure of £400,000 to £1,250,000. This is partly because of the general rise in costs. It is also partly because in addition to requiring the usual returns as to our sex, age, married state, nationality, birthplace, residence, education, and place and nature of work, the 1951 census puts some new questions.

For instance, it inquires as to each family's possession of piped water, a kitchen sink, a fixed bath—data which will tell how well, or how badly, Britons of 1951 are housed. It also for the first time asks married women under fifty, who have been married more than once, to give the date of their first marriage and state whether they have had any children in the last year.

WOMEN, it's said, have always been coy about divulging their age in census returns, but it will be interesting to see if they are as touchy about these new questions—inserted to throw light on the nation's actual fertility—as some M.P.s have been. When the Draft Census Order was being debated, one member (a man) described the questions as "downright impertinent," and another (a man again) suggested that "the information could only be of value if it was to be used for some planning purpose, and as such it was a highly suspicious prospect."

Dr. George North, C.B., M.C., LL.D. the Registrar-General, who is in charge of the arrangements for taking the census in England and Wales

Opinions may differ about the wisdom of wholesale "planning" but, after all, a census of 44,000,000 people (50,000,000 if Scotland is added to England and Wales) is too impersonal to care tuppence about Mrs. X's age or the details of her married state from any but a purely statistical point of view. Though she wouldn't like to be called it, she is, to the Registrar-General, a mere cipher, to be manipulated (we hope) for the long-term good of the State. And there's no fear of that snooping Mrs. Y next door getting to know what she puts in her return, for the census is strictly confidential.

On the other hand, facts given in the census returns, if intelligently interpreted and acted upon, can do us a lot of good. Figures of births—not forgetting those on twins—could, for example, give perambulator manufacturers a good idea of next year's demand for prams, and they could provide useful information about likely forthcoming calls on houses, schools, transport, food stocks and so on. To Government Departments alive to future planning needs, the changes and trends shown by each succeeding census must be immensely significant.

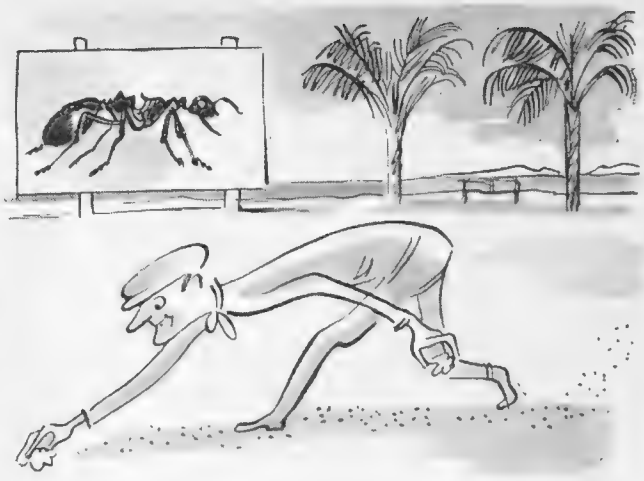
THIS census will be all the more important as, owing to the war preventing that for 1941, it comes after a twenty-year interval. The Registrar-General's regular returns of vital statistics will have kept pretty accurately abreast of population changes, but much of the other data that a census gives is almost a generation out of date and twenty years is a long time for a highly industrialized country to be without such information.

Britain's first decennial census was held in 1801 and this will be the fifteenth. (It would have been the sixteenth had not the 1941 census been cancelled.) But (*Continued on page* 66)

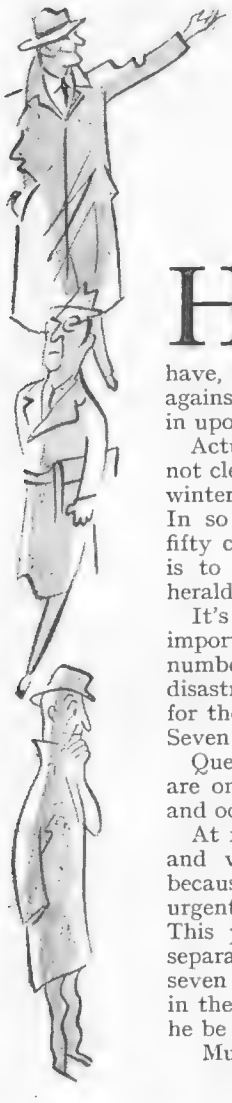
Storing some of the original forms for the 1931 census in the Schedule room at the Government offices at Acton

(*On left*) Filling in census forms of the staff at Dorchester House, for the last census taken in 1931

He waved an ingot of gold triumphantly aloft



The man places dollops of a sugary, arsenical substance at strategic points



Queer Jobs In

HAVE you ever seen men cleaning the face of a mountain—and I mean whitening it, sprucing it up? No? Well, that's because you've never been to Salzburg in early summer; or, if you have, have failed to notice a couple of cages swinging against the side of the mountain which closes ominously in upon the most populous sector of the town.

Actually, the two men in their separate cages are not cleaning the mountain but consolidating it after the winter by driving in a multiplicity of small iron bars. In so doing, they sometimes chip away as much as fifty cubic metres of rock, all told, the effect of which is to clean up the face. Hence each year they are heralded as "the mountain cleaners."

It's an old job—200 years—of late grown more important owing to greater erosion and ever larger numbers of visitors. Salzburg can't afford to risk past disastrous rock slides—must make its mountain safe for the annual music festival. Rate for a perilous job? Seven bob a day.

Queer jobs and occupations, ways of "getting by," are on the increase in Europe as the times wax odder and odder under stresses never before dreamt of.

At first sight, the principal reason is that more men and women than ever before do spare-time jobs—because they have more time on their hands and an urgent need for more money, especially if it is tax-free. This phenomenon is apparent in latitudes as widely separated as Copenhagen and Madrid. In the former seven out of every ten students work their own passage; in the latter nearly every worker has two jobs whether he be white-collar or manual.

Much the same tendency is to be observed in Britain. City clerks operate tote machines at evening sports meetings, schoolmasters supplement matters as barmen (for some grotesque reason difficulty may arise over their acting as coaches), artisans do gardening for the neighbours. Night porter is a spare-time job worth having, while there is, of course, baby-sitting, called in its purer, non-commercial form, "child minding." Incidentally those who quickened to *Sitting Pretty* must have been interested to learn that many mothers prefer male sitters-in, men having more patience and ingenuity in keeping children amused.

Yet most of these jobs are not queer in themselves; the queerness lies in the identities of those who take them up as second or third strings. There are routine occupations ordered by staid concerns, which qualify intrinsically as "queer occupations" far ahead of professors acting as night watchmen and plumbers waiting at "the local." Even international concerns order *much* queerer duties than either of the last two!

PENDING the arrival of the United Nations' "Patrols of Peace," surely the most curious inspection takes place every day under the heart of the 11,000-ft. Alpine peak which covers the St. Gotthard Tunnel? Right in the centre of this ten-mile tunnel there is now a self-operating station which enables three times the number of trains to be handled simultaneously without a living soul venturing into the tunnel.

But every day the tunnel is inspected by two men, who walk along the tracks either from Airolo or from Göschenen. They are also expected to keep the tunnel clean. But here there's a laugh. No two or ten or twenty men could keep ten miles of tunnel clean. The ones that do that are rats, droves and droves of rats said to look like small Manx cats, for having lost their tails on the rails with the passage of one or other of the 200 trains every twenty-four hours.

Now take what the Crusade for Freedom is set upon doing. Gen. Clay launched it in Berlin, at the same time presenting a ten-ton Croydon-made bell. The plan involves: smuggling out Czechs, Poles, Rumanians, Hungarians and Bulgarians from their respective countries to broadcast to their propaganda-drugged compatriots; and smuggling in radio sets so that the doped ones may hear.

The last time such a "Scarlet Pimpernel" organization was set afoot had to do with rescuing people from both sides in Spain, a dozen years ago, when some very odd practices developed on the sidelines—such as holding persons "rescued," extortion, and even sending young females to South America. Smuggling human begins always carries risk; even Sir Percy ("Pimpernel") Blakeney lost some of his charges that he sought

The Berlin spiv who peddles fake mementos of the Nazi leaders, dead and alive

Out of the box hopped 300 performing fleas and the Indian gentleman had the carriage to himself

The job of the Paris street photographer has come to an end

Freak Times

By Ferdinand Tuohy

to free from the clutches of the French revolutionaries of 1789.

One wonders if the Crusade for Freedom will adopt two methods used against the Goebbels-drugged Germans in 1938–39. One is the queer job of "walking newspaper." Men and women of infinite courage circulated in Germany telling the truth about what was occurring in the world, to those they thought they could trust. A second method equally applicable behind the "Curtain" is the tiny crumpled ball of tissue paper on which experts in minuscule handwriting have managed to cram hundreds of words setting forth the latest facts.

A newspaper of a very different kind is—or was—*The Emigrant*, until lately published at Mulhouse, Alsace. Its editor, one Claus Hardtmann, is charged with encouraging war hysteria among Europeans in order to make them buy false emigration documents. "A third war is imminent—bring your problems to us," was the burden of the editorials. Hardtmann's "International Employment Exchange," copiously advertised on the radio, purported to be a rival to the International Refugee Organization.

Manufacturing war hysteria in order to come by 10s. subscriptions! What a queer and sinister occupation, if true! The police aver that 20,000 people in Austria and Western Germany subscribed in three months, and that many also sent advances on transocean travel.

I'm sure another "occupation," that of removing "Mulberry" piecemeal for disposal on the black market, will not be adjudged so severely in the United Kingdom. A Norman gang has been fined sums up to £4,500 for removing copper, motors, propellers, bolts, pipes, anything detachable and worth while. Some will say this is just robbery, nothing queer about it. Yes, but it went on stealthily over such a protracted period, and it was the historic D-day port they were nibbling at. Transgressors can be responsible for some of the most original queer business.

Take the two smartly-dressed young men who arrived on a farm on the slopes of Vesuvius in a new American car and began digging. Up came the farmer. "What the heck?" In stumbling Italian the pair said they were after treasure and produced an old parchment in substantiation. Soon scores of gullible peasants were digging—until of a sudden one of the two "foreigners" grabbed an ingot of gold from under a tree where he had hidden it and waved it triumphantly aloft.

The cry of "Gold" rang round the volcano's foothills and soon hundreds were digging and scrabbling even with their hands. Whereupon the young men said it was this way: no more treasure was likely to be found until a hundred Masses had been said, the cost of which would be £2,000. Let those present put up this sum and they could keep all the ingots they subsequently found.

The deal was actually going through when up came police, thinking a land occupation was in progress, and recognized the "foreigners" as tricksters who had been earning a fat living in the credulous south with their solitary gold ingot.

Handsome profit can be gained by dropping gold from a height—from an aeroplane. This is one of the steady, lucrative newcomers. The gold is flown from a free—very free—market like Tangier and dropped in the night over broad and empty French acres. Next day it is functioning in Parisian black currency circles.

And since we are in the clouds—what price rain-making as a strange occupation? At least it is provoking some queer reactions. The idea is to create artificial rain in drought areas by firing rockets at clouds from the ground and also bombarding them from above with the help of planes. It can be done all right—was done this autumn near St. Etienne. The French Army succeeded in creating rain. But what happened? By the time it began to fall the clouds had been blown away by the wind, so the rain fell miles away where it was not needed.

New York has its flying rain-maker, Dr. Wallace Howell, who is paid £30 a day to scatter dry ice pellets into clouds. But success does not always bring him a smooth passage. An inexplicable out-of-season snow-storm over New York provoked irate protests from citizens who thought their flying rain-maker had been up to his tricks when, in point of fact, he was operating over the Catskills range, many miles away. Yet the doctor can get into trouble there, too. The people up there say he produced so much (*Continued on page* 56)

Never to have a light is Orlando's open sesame and the surest of all ways to hook yet another personage

I Walked And Talked With

Robert Louis Stevenson

By Clive Holland

A portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson taken when he was thirty-five years of age, and when he lived at "Skerryvore," Bournemouth

(*On left*) The entrance to "Skerryvore," Alum Chine Road, Bournemouth, where R. L. Stevenson lived from 1884 to 1887. The house was destroyed by enemy action during the second World War

I MUST, I imagine, be among the very few people now surviving, who walked and talked and had tea with Robert Louis Stevenson in England. At all events the memories of doing so are some of the most clearly engraven on my mind. They concern one of the most distinguished writers of the nineteenth century; and of one of the most captivating personalities among those I have known.

I am a Bournemouth man, and R. L. S., as his intimates used to call him, came to the beautiful town, which proved to him a charming dwelling place from 1884 till 1887.

He lived for two short periods in lodgings first at a house on the West Cliff; and afterwards for a time in one named "Bonallic Towers," in Branksome Park, amid its pine woods, which were reputed to benefit those suffering from lung diseases, from one of which he was at the time ill, and indeed, always suffered.

Then about Easter, in 1885, he became the occupant and owner of a house situated in Westbourne, the gift of his father. It was named "Skerryvore," commemorating the famous lighthouse built by his grandfather and father's firm on a reef of the Inner Hebrides. The house stood on the curve of a road at the foot of another which has since been named R. L. Stevenson Avenue.

Unfortunately the house was destroyed by enemy action, a land mine, during the second World War.

My memory of "Skerryvore" is of a pleasant villa residence standing a little way back from the road, in a secluded garden, amid green shrubs; with a lawn almost reaching to the edge of the Chine near-by. At the seaward end of the garden were a few pines and other trees.

Approached by a short carriage drive, on the left side, in a wall of the stables, were two tablets in memory of Stevenson's two favourite dogs, "Coolin" and "Bohue," one of which was killed by an accident. R.L.S. told me the dog was "venturesome."

(*On right*) Swanson Cottage, Midlothian, the summer holiday home from 1867 to 1881 of Robert Louis Stevenson and his parents. In this hillside retreat Stevenson spent some of the happiest of the few comparatively happy days of his romantic and varied life

At the time that Stevenson lived in the house, in the entrance lobby there was, I remember, a model of Skerryvore Lighthouse, with a light shining from the lantern in the evening. I think supplied by a gas jet.

In the yard of the house there hung a ship's bell, which Stevenson told me, was salved from a wreck which occurred before the lighthouse was built.

A feature of the house were the numerous pigeons which were R. L. S.'s pets, and these always seemed to be fluttering around the eaves or strutting on the ridge of the roof. He had built a nice pigeon house on to the stables, which he mentions in *Underwoods*.

But once he told me, with a rather wry smile: "The birds after all, notwithstanding all the trouble I have taken for their comfort, seem to prefer the ivy for a home, or at least as a nesting place in the breeding season."

Part of the house and the stables were covered with ivy.

Near-by the end of the garden westward was a little Chine, in those days possessing a wild beauty, and of this Stevenson grew very fond. On the top of the cliff, overlooking the Chine, there were at that time patches of heather.

I was a lad of eighteen when Stevenson came to live at Bournemouth, and of course, I heard of his coming, and had read, and been thrilled by *Treasure*

(*Continued on page* 58)

The Delicate Ones

Did Dennis Pell Have Sufficient Cause To Suspect His Form Master Of Being A Murderer?

By Barry Perowne

MR. RUMSEY tossed his scarf-end decisively over his shoulder. "No, I really can't stay here. I know another hotel. The things are not too much for you? Splendid. Come along then—it's no great distance"

IT was breaking-up day at Thamescourt, a small London public school of ancient foundation. Speeches had been made, the way of achievement had been indicated by references to Dick Whittington, and from full hearts the school song had been sung.

For Dennis Pell, a day boy, son of a City merchant of hard-headed, old-fashioned shrewdness, this, his last term, had ended in a triumph no greater than he felt was his due. Under his arm, as he left the Great Hall, were five prizes. He considered he should have had six.

Dennis was a none-too frank-faced boy of eighteen, well-grown but angular, with close-set, suspicious grey eyes and thick black eyebrows that met in the middle. He wore a grey flannel suit and a school cap.

As he crossed the quadrangle in the warm sunshine of the summer afternoon, he heard running footsteps, and, looking round, saw a nonentity from the Lower Fourth proffering a note.

"Mr. Rumsey asked me to give you this, Pell," panted the courier.

Dennis tore open the note, which was written in the sharp-angled hand, influenced by classical Greek, of his form master, Mr. Arthur Gentle Rumsey, M.A. The note read : "*Reminder:* to ensure no *error*. Arrangements for to-night : Victoria Station, *Continental* platform, 8.30. Passport. *Pills* (sea-sick). Do *not* be *late*. A. G. R."

Dennis thrust the note impatiently into his pocket. As though he needed this kind of footling reminder, for his first trip abroad ! With his prizes under his arm, he walked on home, through the sunny, somnolent Belgravia squares, to the one in which he lived.

His parents, who had been present at the prize-giving, had reached home before him. In the drawing-room, his mother, a small, grey-haired woman of a wilful conscientiousness, was pouring tea. She had several sons, all of whom had hard-headedly entered the family business. His father, a man with a square, stern face and gimlet eyes, was reading his favourite book, *Letters Of A Self-Made Merchant To His Son.*

"Mr. Rumsey spoke highly of your term's work, Dennis," his mother said, as the prize-winner helped himself to a cucumber sandwich from the cake stand. "He said you were a gifted boy, but that you must be careful not to overdo it. The tragedy of so many gifted boys, Mr. Rumsey says, is that they overstrain their minds."

The merchant stirred testily behind his book.

"Mr. Rumsey says that you're at just the right age, Dennis," his mother went on, "to get the greatest benefit from a tour abroad. Mr. Rumsey says he makes it a rule never to take a boy abroad who isn't in his last term. A boy who would be returning to the school, Mr. Rumsey says, might presume on the fact of having been his guest. Mr. Rumsey has great plans for showing you Paris and Venice. It's really most kind of him to take you."

The merchant lowered his book abruptly.

"Mr. Rumsey, my dear," he said, "is no more in the business of giving away something for nothing than I or any other man that's made this country what it is. I took Mr. Rumsey's measure when he called to broach this matter to me, the other night. He's a bachelor, not so young as he was. He has a sentimental fondness for these foreign places, but, like many another old fusser, he's afraid he might expire in a foreign bed, with no one about him to call a doctor, send a telegram, or hurry for a clergyman. He wants someone to travel with him, and if he feels he can afford the luxury of taking up the current travel allowance on two passports, and if Dennis wants to go, well and good. Dennis will conduct himself with proper consideration, or I'll know the reason why; but there's no need for him to feel beholden. It's a *quid pro quo*. Personally, I think his time would be spent more to the point in getting the hang of things in the warehouse. I went abroad myself once, years ago, before the first World War. I went to the Black Forest. I saw

nothing in it. However——"

He cleared a peremptory throat, took up his book.

WELL before eight thirty, Dennis, his school suit discarded forever in favour of a hacking-jacket and green pork-pie hat, arrived by Tube at Victoria, and humped his suitcase to the Continental platform.

Guarded and secretive as was his nature, due to life in such a well-regulated home and marked unpopularity at school, he caught a tempered excitement from the holiday bustle under the glass roof of the station, from the chuffing and hissing and whistling of locomotives, the jostle of youths and girls in shorts and nailed boots, staggering under alpine packs, and glimpses of sleek foreigners puffing cigars.

Punctual as he was, a familiar figure already was standing at the Continental barrier—an erect figure, tall and thin, wearing a black, pinstripe, double-breasted suit, a wide-brimmed black felt hat, a long, black woollen scarf. One end of this Mr. Rumsey kept throwing back over his shoulder with a small, well-kept hand, as with pale blue eyes he scanned the throng. He was well-preserved, with pink cheeks, a neat, grey moustache, a neat, grey tuft of chin beard. His expression was fastidious. But as Dennis set down his suitcase and raised his hat, and Mr. Rumsey raised his in acknowledgment—disclosing a high-domed head sparsely streaked with greying hair brushed straight back—his smile was of a singular sweetness.

"You are in good time, Pell," he said. "Give your things to the porter here. Porter, we should like two corner seats. You have forgotten nothing, Pell?" he went on, as they followed the porter up the platform. "Passport? *Pills?* I once took a boy abroad with me—a delightful boy, but not robust—who unfortunately was sick all the way across. So tiresome for us both. I now insist on precautions. Though it's some years since I travelled. Nineteen thirty-eight." He made a slight, impatient gesture with the black kid gloves he carried. "We won't think about that. You've brought an overcoat? That's right. It may be chilly on board—the wind can be shrewd on a night crossing, quite searching."

The porter had deposited their belongings in a carriage. He stepped out and said, "There you are, then, sir—two corner seats. Bit o' luck, that."

Mr. Rumsey took a purse from his pocket. "I myself," he said to Dennis, "as you may have noticed, seldom wear an overcoat." He shook the purse slightly, peering into it. "In that," he went on, as he took various coins from the purse, looked at them and replaced them, "I am like the late Mr. Chauncey Depew, a distinguished American Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. Walking one day on the Embankment in a cutting east wind, he was asked by an inquisitive acquaintance, 'You never wear an overcoat?' 'No,' Mr. Depew replied, 'I never was.'"

The porter shuffled his feet.

"Many people, Pell," said Mr. Rumsey—"for, if you don't mind, I should prefer to continue to call you by your surname, even on holiday—many people," said Mr. Rumsey, decoding on a coin and holding it poised as he smiled at Dennis, "fail to see the wit of Mr. Depew's retort. One either *has* a sense of humour or one *has not.*" He turned graciously to the porter. "Here," he said, pressing the coin into the man's impatient palm, "is a florin for yourself."

As the man went off, muttering bluffly, there came frolicking along the platform a group of small boys in grey flannel suits and school caps, escorted by a number of women wearing the indulgent smiles peculiar to mothers on the first evening of the holidays.

Mr. Rumsey stiffened. He drew himself to his full height, throwing his scarf back over his shoulder in a gesture of consternation.

"Good God!" he said. "Thamescourt boys! Is there to be

MR. RUMSEY had left off his scarf and his low, soft collar looked almost Byronic. He crossed the Piazza San Marco, his tall figure scattering the pigeons. Furtively, Dennis followed

no escape, even on one's vacation? Pell, get our things out. We must go further along the train."

Dennis got the things out, and with a heavy suitcase in each hand, and rugs, coat and magazines wedged under both arms, followed Mr. Rumsey's tall, brisk figure along the platform.

Mr. Rumsey gestured crossly with his gloves. "Boys scampering along the corridors," he said, "squinting into the compartments, scratching at the doors—intolerable! One of these parties where foolish mothers join forces to take their offspring to the Continent. So very unwise. So much better off making sand-castles at home. Now, the boat will be infested with them. They will undoubtedly be *sick*."

The real annoyance in Mr. Rumsey's tone surprised Dennis. Mr. Rumsey had been at Thamescourt longer than anybody, longer even than the Head; and if often was said of him by the other masters, in wondering admiration, that he was genuinely devoted to the boys.

On vacation, it seemed, Mr. Rumsey felt differently. For when they had boarded the boat, and he saw the happy party coming up the gangplank, he said abruptly, "I shall simply *refuse* to see their salutes, Pell. I shall turn my back."

He turned it, and, throwing his scarf petulantly over his shoulder, stalked away along the deck, leaving Dennis to watch the lights ashore change their angles, as the screws set the water surging aft, and the wind blew fresh and salt from the moon-glimmering Channel.

IN the lounge of the boat, and afterwards in the train again, Mr. Rumsey sat all night bolt upright and wakeful, examining the contents—letters, faded photographs, a lock of golden hair in a cellophane envelope, a yellowed visiting card bearing the name "Mr. Oscar Wilde," a miniature of a lady with ringlets, and other items—from a little old leather writing-compendium he carried. Opposite him, Dennis now snoozed with his mouth open, now woke with a strangled snort, to blink blearily at Mr. Rumsey's pleasant smile.

Dennis was feeling more than a little jaded when the train, with a falsetto whistle, steamed heavily, at last, into the Gare St. Lazare.

Motioning Dennis to wait, Mr. Rumsey climbed out, scouted along the platform, and reappeared at the door to report: "Splendid, Pell, splendid! Those wretched little boys have been taken away in taxis. The coast is *quite* clear. Get the things out, Pell. Paris again! I can hardly believe it."

His cheeks were pink and fresh, his eyes bright. He flourished his scarf back over his shoulder as Dennis got the things out. Once again heavily laden, he followed Mr. Rumsey's brisk tall figure along the platform.

There were taxis in the station yard, bright with the early sunshine, but these Mr. Rumsey dismissed.

"The advantage of a night crossing," he told Dennis, "is that one arrives soon after dawn, when Paris is best seen on foot—when the boulevards are empty and freshly hosed, the trees in their full leaf refreshed by the drops." He led the way out into the street, where he paused to draw deep, happy breaths through his nostrils. "The characteristic air of Paris, Pell—roasting coffee, freshly-baked bread, and the perfumes of ladies. So delightful, after ink, chalk-dust and blotting-paper, in tedious schoolrooms where one is always acting a part, masking one's true self. What a beautiful morning! Come, bring the things. I know a charming hotel, at no great distance."

He hurried ahead, pausing from time to time to throw his scarf over his shoulder, and, waiting for the burdened Dennis, to point out to him the admirable regularity of the skyline, and other architectural features. Perspiring and sulky, his pork-pie hat awry, Dennis was in a bad way by the time they reached the hotel. But now Mr. Rumsey seemed to hesitate. A peculiar expression on his face, he stood gazing up at the hotel, opulent with curved sun-blinds. He seemed to shudder.

"No," he said, "I really can't stay here. Quite impossible! Its associations are too affecting. I stayed here many years ago with a boy whom I had taken abroad—an (*Continued on page* 63)

(*On left*) A Babinga pygmy settlement in the region of Ousso in the French Cameroons. These primitive huts are erected at the edge of a forest and within easy reach of a Negro village on which the pygmies rely for all their food except meat

Still Living In The Stone Age

There are communities that have never grown out of it; some survive even on the doorstep of the civilized world

By Martin Thornhill

A CLAIM that must sound astonishing to those who have grown up amid the boundary-dissolving effects of modern transport has been made by Dr. Furer-Haimendorf, Reader in Anthropology at London University. "Stone Age" men, he asserted, still live on contentedly, some of them quite near industrial towns. The anthropologist was referring in particular to India, where over twenty million people are still classed as aborigines. One aboriginal tribe lives within eighty miles of Bengal, still hunting with blowpipes and poisoned pellets which can inflict fatal wounds at 150 yards' range.

This claim is, indeed, well supported by the recent testimonies of travellers who, working independently, have made roughly similar discoveries in widely separate parts of the world. It is of course among the aborigines that one comes upon these surprising existences which are still so little in advance of Stone Age conditions. In North Africa there survive a strange Arab people who have apparently lived in their present homes since the very dawn of time. Though many have tried, no invaders have ever altered the mode of life these tribesmen have followed since long before the conquests and immigrations of recorded history. Their life is still that of the early cave-dwellers, habitations being underground settlements formed by tunnelling from the surface into the rock of the semi-desert, hewing out living-chambers and linking them by a maze of subterranean passages. This troglodyte town is on a vast plateau encircled by mountains; it is less than thirty miles from Gabes (Tunisia) and the sole evidence of it, from the surface, is some 700 crater-like holes in the ground, between them the scattered date palms, olive trees and patches of coarse grain which provide the colony with its only food.

The primitive forge of a Mongolian savage. Bamboo canes as bellows, a stone as hammer

The end of a gorilla. Babinga pygmies—most backward in all things, but fearless hunters

Much farther south, an expedition in six trucks lately stumbled on what must to-day be one of a very few spots in the Sahara that are completely out of touch with other humanity. But it is so, because of its inaccessibility, not its remoteness. Having cruised for days through an unending wilderness of sand, we were surprised to see suddenly ahead of us a great mass of rock, like a giant inverted ice-cream cone, rising up out of the sand. As we (*Continued on page* 62)

A Drama Of The Revolution

The Romance of Therezia, daughter of a Spanish Count, and Jean Tallien, who fell under the spell of her beauty and who denounced Robespierre, to save her from the guillotine.

Written by
ARNOLD WAREING.

Illustrations by
JACK MATTHEW.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1794, heralded a strange new life for a beautiful girl of twenty in blood-stained Bordeaux. She had spent Christmas in a prison cell, in common with many other aristocratic victims of the Revolution doomed to the guillotine; but instead of despairing, as they had done, and awaiting the inevitable in suffering and squalor, she had achieved, with her beauty, courage and persistence, a miraculous deliverance. Was it possible that, after all, she would not die on the scaffold? That, indeed, she was triumphantly free?

The daughter of a Spanish noble, the Count of Cabarrus, Therezia had grown up in luxury, wanting for nothing, destined for a life of ease and

Therezia had spent Christmas in a prison cell, in common with many aristocratic victims of the Revolution doomed to the guillotine

elegance. At sixteen she had been married to the French Count de Fontenay, and Court and Society had taken the dark-eyed, raven-haired bride to its heart, for she showed the traditional fire and spirit of the well-born daughter of Spain and carried herself with a feudal air. All Paris was hers for her pleasure and honour —until the mutterings of the Revolution, the storming of the Bastille, the bloody inauguration of the Terror. Then her husband fled with her to the relative safety of Bordeaux.

But that was only a respite. The crimson tide spread to this remote city, and on the crest of it came revolutionary commissioner Jean Lambert Tallien and his colleague Isambeau. Tallien, the son of a Paris house-steward, had been brought up as a charity boy under the patronage of his father's employer. He became a lawyer's clerk, shop assistant, printer's devil, hack-writer on the *Moniteur*, and when the Revolution broke out, one of its leading Jacobin figures, propagating its doctrines through a violently partisan journal, *Ami des Citoyens*. A man of fierce, ogrish intensity, with an unruly shock of hair and the eyes of a fanatic, he had a share in the assault on the Tuileries, found favour with the leaders of the Revolution, was made secretary to the Commune, elected to the Convention, voted for the king's execution, and played a part in the ruthless September massacres.

As director of the Bordeaux blood-bath he had the guillotine erected in the public

square, where he could see it from the windows of his lodgings. Soon the prisons filled, heads began to fall. His reputation was such that none could expect mercy. He was merely an instrument of the Robespierre campaign of terror.

De Fontenay, to his shame, fled the city, abandoning his young wife to its horrors. She was immediately seized, flung into gaol. Death was certain. Certain? But was she not a young, attractive woman, with brains as well as beauty? And this Tallien: wasn't the monster also a man? In desperation she asked for pen and paper, sat down in her cell, and wrote him a pleading letter. She was an aristocrat, yes, but Spanish, not French, except by marriage. Would he, please, see her before a grave injustice was done? He could not be indifferent to the appeal of a helpless, suffering young woman. . . .

THE next day Tallien visited the prison. The details of that fateful interview we can only guess at, but from the moment he entered her cell his fate was sealed, her safety assured—at least for the present. It was the timeless story of the low-born man and high-born woman. The neck of a fair countess in the guillotine—yes, that would be a triumph for any revolutionary. But the hand of a fair countess placed trustingly in his, and with it her heart, her life—wasn't that even a greater triumph? So dazzled was he by her southern beauty and charm that he ordered her immediate release.

"But my friends, my poor friends in distress," she pleaded. "Must they die, as I would have died? Have you no mercy for them?"

Under the spell of her appealing eyes his heart softened. Very well, a number would be reprieved, but she must not expect too much clemency. He had his duty to perform as a servant of the Revolution. Nothing must interfere with that, not even this love he instantly felt for her.

The amazing thing is that she, too, became a champion of the Revolution. Not only was she hailed as the "Lady of Pity," whose intercession had saved many from the guillotine. The very day of her release she drove through the streets robed as a red-capped "Goddess of Liberty," acclaimed by the Bordeaux people, who saw in her a surety of their safety from the terror, a symbol of the new order purged of its excesses. When one so nobly born espoused the cause, was there not hope for all? Was it not through her that less and less blood flowed from the knife in the public square? That the dreaded Tallien stayed the executioner's hand?

In Paris the all-powerful Robespierre heard of these changes from his spies on the spot, and was not at all pleased. Tallien, whom he trusted, must be recalled

In the uproar that followed, Robespierre tried to make himself heard, but all that seemed to come from him was a hoarse, stifled croak. "Down with the tyrant!" roared Tallien's followers. "Is it Danton's blood that's choking him? Arrest him! To the scaffold with him!"

to the capital at once. There was important work for him to do on the Convention—work that would help him to see the error of his ways and make him realise again his serious responsibilities. Enough of this Bordeaux trifling, this playing into the hands of a hated aristocrat who was no more than a crafty, calculating courtesan.

On his return Tallien arranged for Therezia to go into hiding at Versailles, where he could visit her secretly. But again Robespierre's spies served him well. When he heard of the new turn the *liaison* had taken he was incensed. He, the scourge of the Terror, might be ruthless, implacable, mortally dreaded by friend as well as enemy on account of the dictatorial powers he now wielded, but at least he was incorruptible and immune to the wiles of women. All he cared for was the Revolution ; everything had to be sacrificed to that. And here was this Tallien, whom he had permitted to become president of the Convention, still carrying on an intrigue with the chit who had seduced him from his duties, compromised his principles, in Bordeaux. His thin lips set rigidly in scorn and fury. Well, Tallien should be taught a lesson. He would see who was master when it came to betraying one of the cardinal rules of the Revolution : that no redcap, least of all a leader, should temporise with an aristocrat.

At two o'clock one July morning Robespierre's guards battered on the door of Therezia's lodging with their rifle butts, demanding entrance.

" What do you want ? " asked the trembling girl, summoned from her bed.

" You," said the officer. " We have orders to take you to Paris."

She was told to dress instantly. Her hands were bound, she was thrust into a coach, taken through the summer night to the Petite-Force prison, and flung into a filthy cell. No humiliation was spared her. Her fine clothes were taken from her and replaced by dirty sackcloth. Her lovely dark hair was cut off. While she languished there for one, two, three interminable weeks she was bitten by rats whose teeth left permanent scars on her delicate flesh ; she was the prey of vermin which swarmed over that dank, musty hell-hole, giving her no peace. She was cold, hungry, dirty, tortured by every possible cruelty her gaolers could impose on her. The countess who, a few years previously, had been the ornament of fashionable society.

When Tallien discovered what had befallen her, and at whose hand, he was frantic. He hired a lodging overlooking the prison yard so that he might see her at exercise. He contrived to bribe the gaolers to take her messages of hope, and small comforts. Then he heard that, on the morrow, July 27, she was to go to the guillotine. That morning Therezia knew it, too, for her gaoler told her : " You need not make your bed. You won't require it after to-day." (*Continued on page* 68)

After Robespierre's death, Tallien was able to countermand the order for Therezia's execution. She was released and restored to him and eventually became Mme. Tallien

AN ESKIMO CHOPPING UP A SEAL. (Right) KLOOGLOOAK, AN ESKIMO DOG DRIVER, DRIVING HIS TEAM PAST A LINE OF TANKS AT FORT CHURCHILL

The Civilized Eskimo

By Frank Illingworth

THE peace-loving, happy-go-lucky Eskimo is to play his part in the defence of Arctic Canada and Alaska. There is no word for *war* in the Eskimo tongue. But some two thousand Canadian Eskimo were trained as air-spotters during the second World War and some four thousand served in the Alaska Territorial Service. The latter were trained in guerilla fighting and in patrolling the lonelier stretches of coast, and with the mounting strategical value of the Arctic regions, plans are being made both in Canada and Alaska to incorporate the polar native into the new polar strategy. Meanwhile, Eskimos are being employed as instructors at sixteen R.C.A.F. "survival schools," designed to teach aircrew how to survive intense cold if forced down in the Northlands.

In the course of little more than half a century the Eskimo has been lifted from the age of the bow-and-arrow into that of bombers and tanks. The bow-and-arrow is still seen in the remoter regions of Siberia and Arctic Canada. But the "coastal Eskimo" is no longer a savage. It is nothing uncommon for an Eskimo to own a schooner with which to undertake coastal trade, and motor boats are commonplace. He is ready and eager to travel by air whenever the opportunity occurs. Peter Scott has described how two of the natives he met in the little-visited Perry River country in north-east Canada accepted with alacrity an offer to fly. The shelves of his igloo are stacked with tinned foods; he is adept with circular saw and cold chisel; he pays taxes and is the recipient of family benefit in kind from the State. When in 1949 an Eskimo paddled out in his *kayak* to a schooner anchored in Frobisher Bay, Baffin Land, Captain Rex Alford reached for a packet of candy with which to establish goodwill. The Eskimo took the candy. He also produced a camera and took a photograph of Alford. No doubt Alford is still wondering who develops his visitor's films.

In 1941 an Eskimo woman applied for (and secured) a divorce. By the name of Kimanner, she was at one time an interpreter for the R.C.M.P. at Chesterfield Inlet in the North-West Territories, and by 1941 she had advanced in the ways of (*Continued on page* 59)

AN ESKIMO BUILDING AN IGLOO, A HOME WHICH DEFEATS THE WORST BLIZZARDS. (Right) ALTHOUGH THE RIFLE IS NOW USED FOR HUNTING BY MANY ESKIMOS THE HARPOON IS STILL A USEFUL WEAPON

Truth For Happiness

By Ruth Yorck

THE florist pinned the obligatory white carnation to A. C. Galloway's lapel, before murmuring his, "What shall it be to-day?"

"My good man," said the distinguished customer with his most genial smile, "Do you not remember? To-day is the tenth."

"Oh, of course, forgive me," said the flower shop owner, who usually prided himself because he remembered more birthday and marriage dates than anybody between 5th Avenue and Park. He went to the huge icebox in the rear and took out a rich spray of yellow orchids. "Lovely this year, aren't they?" he asked and then: "How is Mrs. Galloway? Will we have the pleasure of seeing her in your next production?"

"She could not be better," said Galloway. "Thank you, my good man. I will not fail to tell her that you inquired after her health. Thank you, she is very well indeed."

He picked up the box, had the orchids charged to his account, and went out. As for his next production, well, neither the florist nor anybody else would have the pleasure of seeing his wife in the lead. It was a shame, but he could not help it. The play was bound to become a hit. He could not possibly turn it down just because the heroine was an unsuitable part for Hela Terhuin, Mrs. Galloway in private life. He felt deep regret, but alas, there was nothing he could do. He had his principles. The theatre was his world and his conscience and when it came to casting a play, he did so conscientiously and without any compromises. A field marshal in war would never send his favourite troop where there was a chance for them to be defeated merely for the sake of showing his bravery. And Hela, whom he loved and admired more than anyone else on the stage or in the world, was no Cristal in *Truth for Happiness*.

"You are the greatest actress in America," the producer husband told his wife when he held her in his arms. "You know that, don't you?"

"Yes, I know," Hela sobbed like a little girl and breathed from the orchids. In all those years, she had breathed from these yellow orchids whenever he had presented them to her. He smiled. Orchids have no scent, but that was her attitude toward flowers, perfumed or not. She said, "Oh, thank you, how wonderful." And then breathed softly.

"Now, what's your wish," he said. "Is there anything you want? Except the one, of course. Oh, my angel child." She made him feel terrible. She looked so unhappy. And to-day, too, of all days. "I love you so," he said. "I want you so much to be happy. Can you not forget for one day?"

They were sitting on the Recamier sofa, the one he had given her last year on their wedding day. That had been a wish which was easily fulfilled. A Recamier sofa, original, covered with striped pink silk.

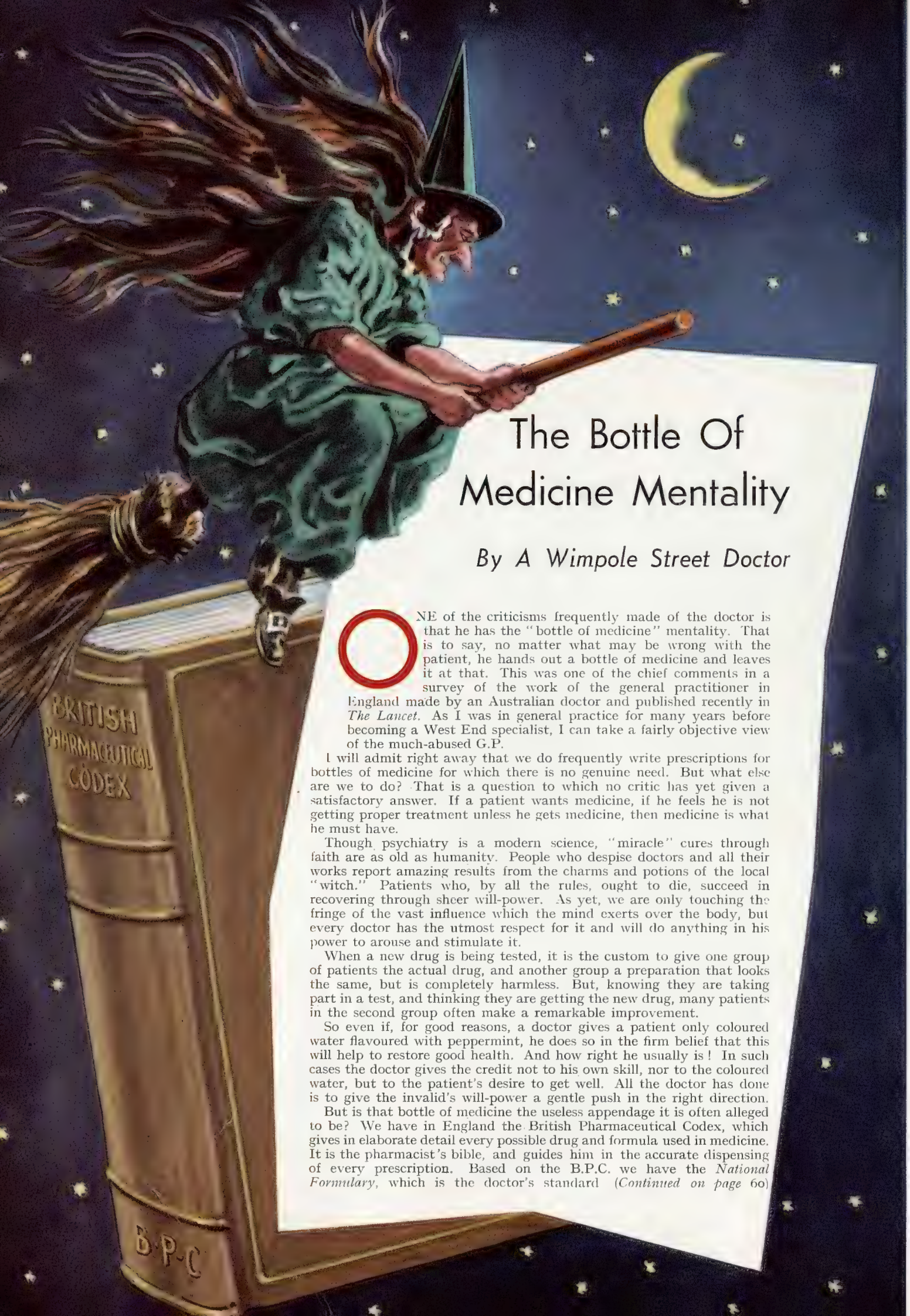
"Hela, darling." Was she really crying? He tried to lift her face but he did not succeed. The way she pressed her cheek on his lapel, one would think her only aim was to crush the white carnation. "Now really, Hela dearest, can't we talk it over like reasonable human beings?"

She said no, and that she did not want to be reasonable or anything like that. He could not make her out very well; even a woman who has studied voice and pronunciation is not very articular, when she hides her face on her husband's shoulder, sobbingly trying to talk at the same time. Hela was decidedly not behaving as an adoring audience would imagine the great actress in her home.

"Think, if anyone saw you." By now, A. C. Galloway was reproachful. He wanted her to be the great and noble woman always, the woman he had idolized for eleven years precisely because she was great and beautiful and awe-inspiring and glamorous on the stage and exactly the same at home. "You behave like a little girl, a disgraceful little girl." (*Continued on page* 61)

HELA TERHUIN stood up. She crossed to the table and smelled the yellow orchids again, and without turning her face said clearly and distinctly: "I love someone else. I love him more than I ever did you"

Wynne



The Bottle Of Medicine Mentality

By A Wimpole Street Doctor

ONE of the criticisms frequently made of the doctor is that he has the "bottle of medicine" mentality. That is to say, no matter what may be wrong with the patient, he hands out a bottle of medicine and leaves it at that. This was one of the chief comments in a survey of the work of the general practitioner in England made by an Australian doctor and published recently in *The Lancet*. As I was in general practice for many years before becoming a West End specialist, I can take a fairly objective view of the much-abused G.P.

I will admit right away that we do frequently write prescriptions for bottles of medicine for which there is no genuine need. But what else are we to do? That is a question to which no critic has yet given a satisfactory answer. If a patient wants medicine, if he feels he is not getting proper treatment unless he gets medicine, then medicine is what he must have.

Though psychiatry is a modern science, "miracle" cures through faith are as old as humanity. People who despise doctors and all their works report amazing results from the charms and potions of the local "witch." Patients who, by all the rules, ought to die, succeed in recovering through sheer will-power. As yet, we are only touching the fringe of the vast influence which the mind exerts over the body, but every doctor has the utmost respect for it and will do anything in his power to arouse and stimulate it.

When a new drug is being tested, it is the custom to give one group of patients the actual drug, and another group a preparation that looks the same, but is completely harmless. But, knowing they are taking part in a test, and thinking they are getting the new drug, many patients in the second group often make a remarkable improvement.

So even if, for good reasons, a doctor gives a patient only coloured water flavoured with peppermint, he does so in the firm belief that this will help to restore good health. And how right he usually is! In such cases the doctor gives the credit not to his own skill, nor to the coloured water, but to the patient's desire to get well. All the doctor has done is to give the invalid's will-power a gentle push in the right direction.

But is that bottle of medicine the useless appendage it is often alleged to be? We have in England the British Pharmaceutical Codex, which gives in elaborate detail every possible drug and formula used in medicine. It is the pharmacist's bible, and guides him in the accurate dispensing of every prescription. Based on the B.P.C. we have the *National Formulary*, which is the doctor's standard (*Continued on page* 60)

The Four Accusers

For What Malevolent Reason Did Andrew Moore Stage A Murder?

By Michael Hastings

IN the police car Mr. Koo leaned back, breathing noisily. The summons to the bungalow was urgent and had caught him in the middle of a meal. He feared indigestion, and he had no tablets with him. The small, flat tin box in his pocket was empty. The Malay constable who was driving added to Mr. Koo's discomfort by taking the road bends recklessly.

Mr. Koo removed his panama hat, and closed his eyes. He settled himself more comfortably, as he always found that bodily ease assisted concentration. His immediate task was to empty his mind. He must sweep out all gossip concerning Andrew Moore, all whisperings concerning Gillian, who was now Andrew's widow His mind must become a clear wax tablet in preparation for receiving impressions.

His lips moved and he murmured softly: "Hearing much and selecting what is good . . . seeing much and making a note of it." His laugh was almost a purr. Confucius trained men for state service; but his axioms were not really designed for detective officers. Neither were they to be found in training manuals. Mr. Koo thought, complacently: By blending the old and the new I become unique.

The feel of the car changed. Mr. Koo realized they had left the well-surfaced road and were starting to climb the hill to the plantation offices and the bungalow. A minute later he could see orange squares of light, like so many lanterns in the darkness. Then the car stopped. Mr. Koo replaced his panama, opened the door and stepped out.

There was the sickly-sweet scent of frangipane. He passed the thickets of it and came to the bungalow steps. They led up to a vine-covered veranda. Mr. Koo became aware that the two constables had followed him from the car. He turned quickly.

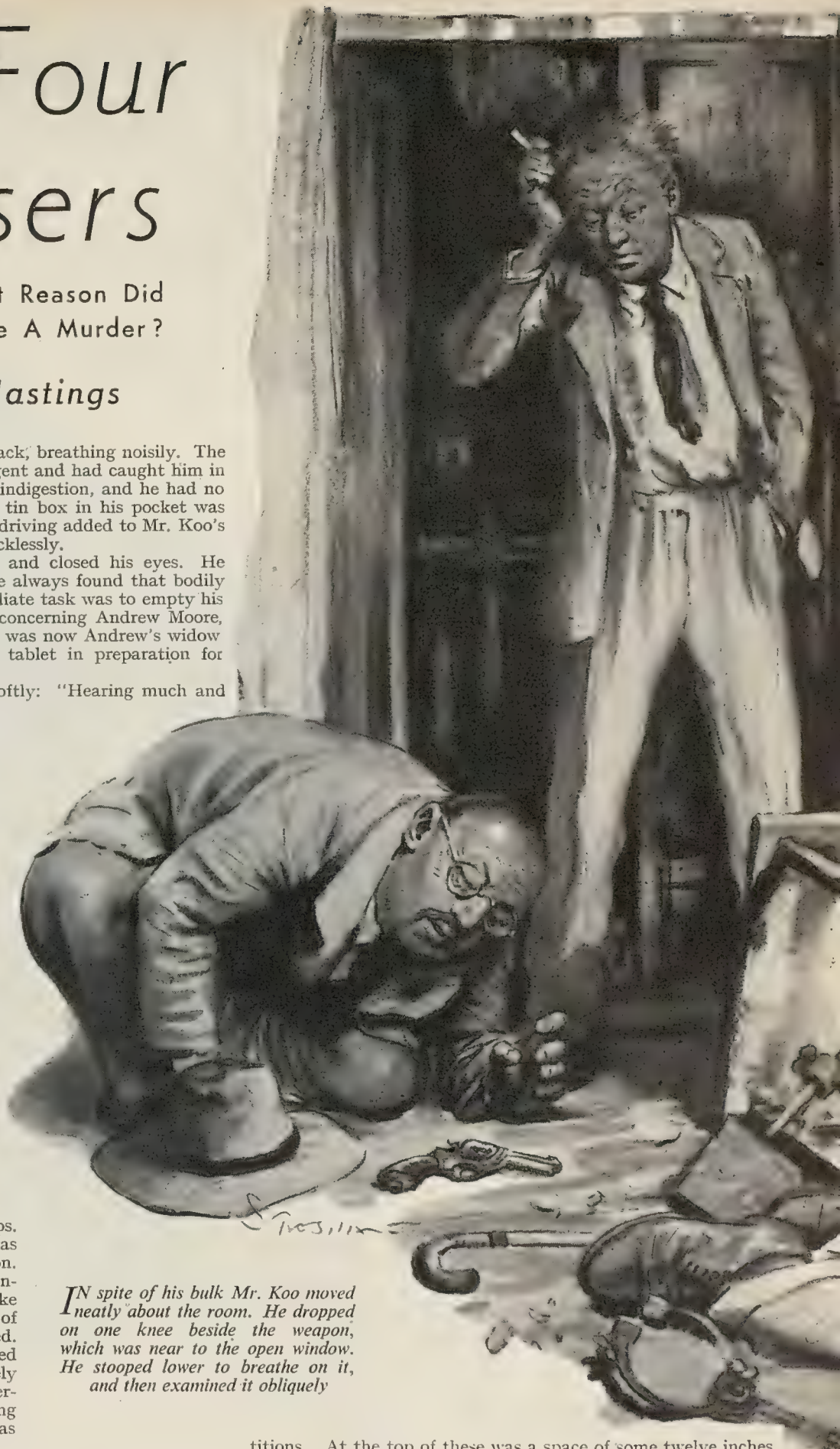
"Wait," he instructed.

Then, laboriously, he climbed the steps. Always, at the beginning of a case, he was uneasy, and this time was no exception. It was so simple, in the preliminary confusion, to permit a false impression to take root. And there was a confoundment of confusion inside the bungalow, he judged. First, the arrival of his car had passed unnoticed. And from somewhere vaguely at the back there came the excited jabbering of servants. But it was the third thing which interested him most. There was lively talking very near to him.

He rested for a moment, recovering his breath from climbing the steps. Then he moved into the bungalow, seeming to shed, from the lightness of his steps, a good four stone.

THERE was a square entrance hall which narrowed at the back to a passage. Mr. Koo guessed this led to the kitchen and the servants' quarters. The voices which had attracted him were much nearer now. He suspected the reason for this, and a glance confirmed it. There were no proper walls, merely partitions. At the top of these was a space of some twelve inches, designed for the freer circulation of air. Then he looked towards the door leading into the room from which the voices were coming, and saw that it was ajar.

For a moment he stood there, the solitary light casting an elephantine shadow of him. His hand went out quickly, there was the sharp click of a switch and the hall was in darkness. He waited for a few seconds and then gave a very soft grunt of satisfaction. It was as he had anticipated, the people in the room were too preoccupied to hear slight sounds from the hall.



IN spite of his bulk Mr. Koo moved neatly about the room. He dropped on one knee beside the weapon, which was near to the open window. He stooped lower to breathe on it, and then examined it obliquely

He shuffled to the door, pushed at it very gently with his fingers until it was open sufficiently for his purpose. Then he stooped forward a little and peeped into the room. In his private life Mr. Koo would have been horrified at such ill breeding; officially, he indulged in such practices whenever opportunity was provided.

It was, naturally, only possible for him to observe a section of the room. But it was, he thought, interesting. Very interesting indeed. Absorbing.

The young woman sitting straight-backed in a chair would be Gillian Moore. Mr. Koo had never met her; but he had seen her in many places. Very gay, light-hearted, smiling. He amended his thoughts. He had seen somebody very much like her; for this was a woman who was both frightened and angry. And the man who was hovering near, wanting to put a hand on her chair and not daring to make so open a gesture was John Harvey.

Mr. Koo thought: So we have a very definite feeling between Andrew Moore's widow and Andrew Moore's partner. Quite an intriguing situation. Then he rebuked himself for remembering certain items of gossip. He told himself, severely, that an open mind was required.

The next thing of which Mr. Koo was aware was a voice. He could not see the speaker; but he could imagine him for he knew the voice well. Clive Street. A little inclined to fat, pasty faced. Restless, dark eyes. And the voice itself . . . artificially warm, Mr. Koo would have described it.

"I was surprised to get the note. Of course I was surprised. No sense in trying to make a secret of it: I haven't been on speaking terms with Andrew for a long time. Funny the way things work out, isn't it? We were so friendly once, we even started to think about lumping our business interests together. I've often wished we had, you know; then we shouldn't have got across each other the wrong way." There was an audible sigh which made Mr. Koo shake his head reprovingly. It was overacted, he considered.

"What you mean, Street, is you've been finding Andrew's various undertakings cutting you out of the market." It was John Harvey who said this. His words, like his moustache, clipped short.

"Really!" Street protested, "you're getting me absolutely wrong. I'm not saying my pocket hasn't suffered a bit; but that's one of the risks of business. My losses in that direction haven't landed me on the rocks, and never looked like putting me there, either."

"Then why did you cease being friends?" Gillian Moore's question was calmly put. Probably only Mr. Koo realized it was too calm.

"Why?" Street laughed. "You, of all people, should know that Andrew could be a very difficult person."

"That's an unnecessary reminder!" Harvey snapped. "In doubtful taste, too."

Mr. Koo observed the clenched fists, and his eyes twinkled. He thought: If I came to question them, they would appear as they would wish me to see them. As it is, I see them as they are. Truly, this is the way of knowledge. . . .

"Don't be so hasty, man!" Street protested. "There's no such thing as taste where murder's concerned. You'll find that out when the police arrive. We have to face facts. It's perfectly true that Andrew was a difficult man." The warmth went from his voice. "And the police will inquire both into his business and his private life. We're not going to help ourselves if we try to push aside the thought that Mrs. Moore had ample motive. . . ."

Harvey exploded into swearing. He took a step forward, his fist clenched, his body tense and menacing. Gillian Moore reached out and restrained him.

"He's entitled to suspect me, John," she said. Her voice sounded tired. "No doubt the police will. He's right there."

She was silent for a minute, then she said quickly: "I haven't seen Andrew for two days. . . ."

"There!" Street exclaimed. "So there was a quarrel between you!"

More spirit came into the woman's voice. "There was nothing of the sort. We—we were often not on speaking terms. But he came to me for some very fine black thread."

"Black thread!" Street echoed. "Did he do his own sewing?" he asked.

"Listen, Street," Harvey snapped, "it's about time you stopped insinuating. But for the police expecting to find you here, I'd chuck you out."

"Most gallant," Street murmured.

There was a drawn-wire tension in the room. It made Mr. Koo uneasy. If it broke into violence he would have to intervene, and that would spoil everything.

He wasn't prepared for another occu-

HARVEY exploded into swearing. He took a step forward, his fist clenched, his body tense and menacing

Illustrations by S. Tresilian

pant in the room, and a mellow, slightly husky voice startled him.

"Mrs. Moore, I've been admiring this very excellent reading-lamp. The bracket is most ingenious, and I see that it can be operated by means of a small lever at the side of the chair. I notice, too, a map board studded with drawing pins, and some cartridge paper . . . on this low table. So your husband used to do some of his work in this room? He did not keep it all for his office?"

Mr. Koo was lost in perplexity. Again, it was a voice which he recognized; but he was at a loss to account for the presence of Mr. Wei Liang. True, Liang's luxury bungalow was only a mile away, and it might have been a social call which brought him here. Or could it be business? Liang had an ultra-modern office from which he directed the network of his various businesses. He was a Straits-born Chinaman, who had been educated in England. Apart from holding a number of import agencies, he dealt in insurance. He also had an interest in tin-smelting.

But what was Gillian Moore saying?

"... his soil chemistry, mostly. I think the work in his laboratory was practically a hobby. He was always amusing himself by designing special equipment."

"Indeed. Most interesting," Liang murmured.

It was Harvey who jerked the atmosphere back into one of hostility.

"I don't see why you should express surprise. After all, you had business relations with him. What about those late visits to the office? The secret consultations?"

Liang was bland. "My dear Mr. Harvey! I fear you have permitted your imagination to take liberties with the truth. It is correct that I have called twice within the last six months. It is also correct that I went to the office—but only because on each occasion I saw a light in Mr. Moore's room. As for secret consultations. . . ." He finished the sentence with a clucking sound which was slightly derisive.

"And you never handed over a large sum of money?" Harvey demanded.

Liang remained calm. "Why should I have done?"

"Because he knew something." Harvey's tone altered for an instant. "I'm sorry, Gillian; but this is no time for being gentle. Andrew wasn't above blackmail."

"And why do you imagine he should blackmail me?" Liang drawled.

Mr. Koo shook his head. His fingers twiddled with the brim of his panama. There was, he felt, too much acting. Four people, and each of them trying to conceal something.

"All I know is that Andrew said to me once that sooner or later they'd pin some gun-running on to you. Just a little matter of supplying the communists. . . ."

Liang laughed softly. "His humour took unpleasant forms," he murmured. "I can recall comments about having the whip hand over his partner. You were very much at his mercy, weren't you, Mr. Harvey? It was an old agreement, made in less prosperous days. You'd have suffered badly had it been terminated. No, no, we will not be so undignified as to quarrel. The less the police know of these rather unfortunate undercurrents. . . ."

Harvey shrugged his shoulders. "As you wish; but don't expect me to explain your presence here. I'd no idea you were coming tonight."

Liang drawled: "At least Mr. Street and myself have something in common. I, too, received a note. True, it directed me to a different spot, and there is ten minutes difference in time; but the message is substantially the same. Typed. And scribbled initials. . . ."

Harvey's laugh was insincere. "No difficulty in forging initials," he said. "And I seem to remember that you sold the typewriter to Andrew about a fortnight ago. . . ."

"One of my employees." Liang murmured the correction.

"No doubt you had access to it. Simple for you to type out a couple of notes. One to explain your own presence, the other to implicate Street." Harvey took a pipe from his pocket, and began to pack the bowl.

Street asked: "You're sure the notes were typed on the new machine, Harvey?"

"Looks like it to me," Harvey grunted.

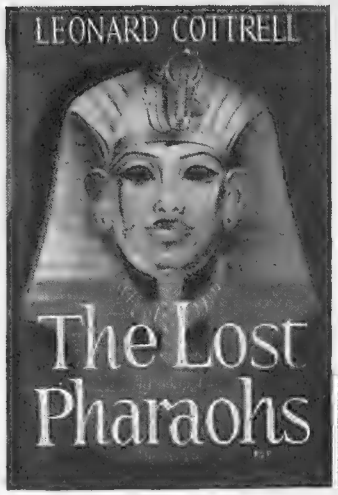
"And did you never have access to it?" Liang challenged. (*Continued on page* 64)

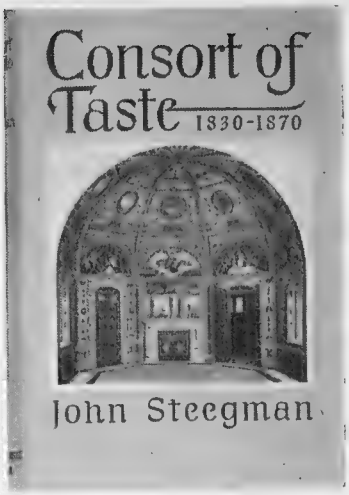
Tales Of The East

H. E. BATES still has the East in his inkpot, if not his blood. Give him a Catholic Mission in Kashmir with a sprinkling of white people adventitiously thrown together, and there will be Pathan-Afridi attacks to test their reactions to fear, murder, rape, heroism, and all the ordeals that beset British folk in barbarous places. **"The Scarlet Sword"** (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) lacks nothing in violent drama or expert writing, even over-writing.

Jon Godden seems to have a remarkable familiarity with the Assam jungle. In **"The Peacock"** (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.) she takes an old hunter, Dr. Coombes, and reunites him with four people who used to join his camp before the war. Since one is a woman with whom he was once in love, and her husband is of the party, the scene is set for a tangle of passion and jealousy as menacing as any tiger slinking up for the kill.

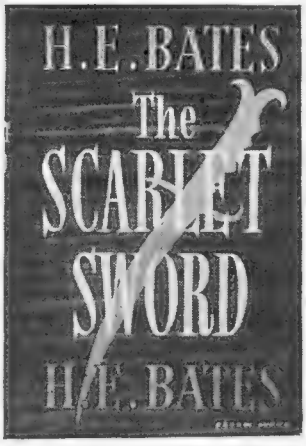
Bangkok is Margaret Landon's beat, with a story of a woman missionary twenty-five years in Siam and the problems and intrigues of people, native and white, with whom she has to deal. **"Never Dies the Dream"** (Reinhardt & Evans, 10s. 6d.) is the courageous epic of her fight with malice and evil and her religious, if not always social, triumph.

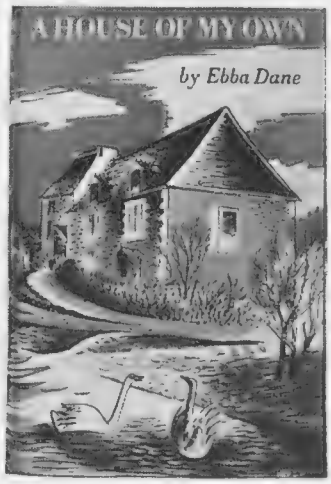




Books:

Reviewed by Trevor Allen





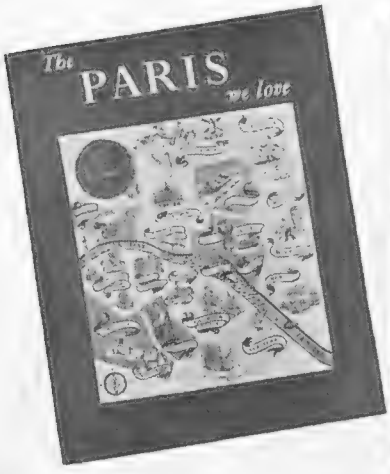
MOROCCO is no tame tourist haunt, though we might think so when we hear of Mr. Churchill going there to paint and recoup in the sun. To one who goes right off the beaten track, like Rom Landau, it is a country of unique people with strange customs, feudal survivals, occult practices. The native snake-charmer differs from most, for at Marrakesh, Mr. Landau saw one thrust the poison-fanged heads deep into his mouth in a kind of ecstasy. Courtesans at a small desert outpost were not as others; "Each has her own house of which she's very proud," he was told, "and you can visit her there solely for the sake of conversation. She'll offer you tea, talk to you, and—let you depart as though you had been visiting a duchess in the Faubourg Saint Honoré." "Invitation to Morocco" (Faber, 18s.) is both a scholarly and vivid travel book, illustrated with his own photographs.

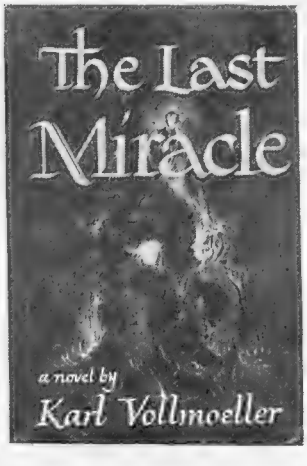
SCHOLARLY, too, is John Steegman's interpretation of early Victorian arts and culture: "Consort of Taste" (Sidgwick & Jackson, 25s.). His object is not to pronounce any style or state of mind good or bad, but to try to establish what was considered good or bad by critical, intelligent minds of the time, and why. The book serves well this year's centenary interest in the 1851 Exhibition. It is richly illustrated, beautifully produced.

NOT scholarly, but frankly popular in style — an amateur's book for amateurs — is "The Lost Pharaohs" (Evans, 15s.) in which B.B.C. documentarist Leonard Cottrell presents Egyptology with the dust rubbed off, describing the Tutankhamun and other treasure-finds, the Pyramids and their history, as simply as in a broadcast.

ANOTHER B.B.C. personality—Stuart Hibberd, *doyen* of announcers—draws on twenty-five years' personal diaries for his behind-the-mike story: "This — Is London . . ." (Macdonald & Evans, 12s. 6d.). When Father Ronald Knox let himself go on a fictitious revolution called "Broadcasting the Barricades" some listeners, taking it literally, were so panicked that a commercial traveller rang Mr. Hibberd to say that, on arriving home, he found the radio on, his wife and sister-in-law drunk in the sitting-room, and his best bottle of brandy empty under the table! There are other good stories—though some are more small-beer than brandy—which take us into the studio and reveals the everyday intimacies of an announcer's life, his reactions to headline events.

JANE LANE'S "Puritan, Rake and Squire" (Evans, 10s. 6d.) are Praise-God Barebone; John Wilmot, second Earl of Rochester; and Robert Walpole, sr. She is a good biographer, especially on Rochester the Restoration rake who lampooned Charles II, was banished from court, yet retained his friendship, and once thrust a tramp who annoyed him into a barrel of beer and threatened him with a cudgel every time he stuck his head out. Entertaining reading as well as social history.





AFTER serving in the A.T.S. Ebba Dane resolved to live in France and rear coypus, rodents imported from Denmark, for their fur. She found an old millhouse some miles from Paris, thought it grim and menacing at first, but bought it and settled there with her three children. "A House of My Own" (Methuen, 12s. 6d.) describes her life there, the unusual local characters she got to know, and the snags of coypu breeding. It is a very human, friendly story which will specially interest all home-loving women.

There (*Continued on page* 68)

PLATES

Sam Beazley Talks About Using Plates As Pictures And Illustrates Some Decorative Examples

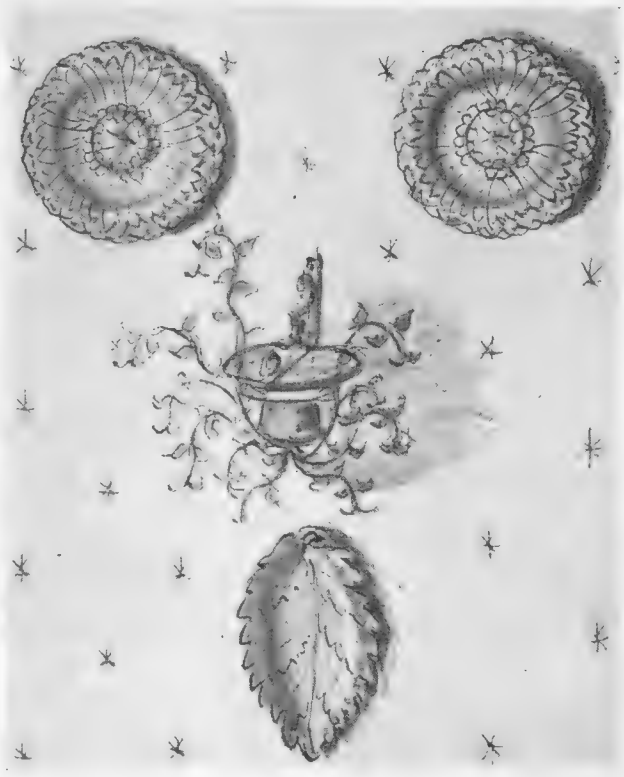
EVEN now the word "china" conjures up dispiriting visions of Utility off-white crockery, undecorated and unappealing. The yearning for pretty, practical china still cannot be met but old china about the house does provide some solace and fill a decorative need.

Our ancestors knew the secret of using plates as pictures and displayed them lavishly in cabinets, on shelves or hanging on the walls. Odd plates of ancient lineage are not difficult to find and not costly to buy, although there are some rare and costly specimens, but any enthusiastic collector will find enough, at the right price, to give a gay and charming note of decoration to the home.

Original examples of Early European ware are now rare, but they have been reproduced by succeeding generations, and the brightly tinted Italian Majolica, or the sultry-coloured Hispano Mauresque Spanish work will look splendid with oak or walnut and though not in the lower price range have as much decorative value as pictures.

Blue and white Delft ware was brought to this country by William and Mary and instantly became the rage. Though Delft is now suffering a temporary eclipse of popularity, it is well worth buying and examples can be found for two or three pounds apiece.

DURING the eighteenth century, porcelain came into general use, and the great age of English china began. One of the best-known names is Wedgwood, and although the variety of his production was enormous, one thinks at once of the pastoral green leaf pattern dessert service, which is reproduced on the right. These plates can be picked up for about ten shillings to a pound.



Large dinner services which were made for wealthy clients by the leading potters of the day, have often been split up or dispersed, and one can find the odd plate or dish bearing the mark of well-known makers. The elaborately scrolled and gilded Rockingham ware; the luxurious pink rose and gold motif, so typical of Swansea; the royal blue band round a Derby plate, enclosing a posy of flowers. These and many others can be picked up for two or three pounds, or less if you are clever and lucky.

There are, of course, many Continental makes to be found in this country, but the most usual and the prettiest is Meissen, or Dresden. When you see the famous "crossed swords" mark on the back of a plate, you can be sure that there will be a delicious confection of flowers on the other side.

One's life can be brightened by many eccentric and astonishing Victorian plates, often bearing the Queen's head, or immortalizing famous figures and occasions of the day, such as the steamship on the glass plate on the left, cunningly suspended on a black velvet ribbon.

Modern Continental pottery can once more be found in our shops, and Italian plates and dishes look very happy on a kitchen dresser, as in the picture below. One tip for buyers; if a piece of china or glass is chipped or cracked, it should cost considerably less though not necessarily less decorative.

Finishing Polish

THE function of a polish is to create a surface gloss and enhance the beauty of the wood, whether it is french polished walnut and mahogany, age-darkened oak, or the light coloured limed and mat finished modern timbers.

The first step to correct polishing is to choose the polish to suit the wood. Generally speaking, dark woods need dark polishes and light woods, light or white ones. If you want an all-purpose polish to suit several different types of wood, then buy a white one which is guaranteed not to dry white or it will show up in the crevices of the darker woods.

While it is possible to have one polish for different kinds of furniture timbers, never economize by buying one tin of polish for both floors and furniture. The formulae for floor and furniture polishes have been evolved to suit different purposes and cannot be successfully interchanged. In general, floor polishes contain a high percentage of soft waxes which successfully disguise and cover marks, cracks and scratches which inevitably appear in floorings. Applied to furniture, they will tend to leave smudges and finger marks. Good furniture polishes contain a high percentage of hard waxes which impart a transparent non-sticky gloss to the wood surface.

There are all-purpose polishes which compromise in their formulae and which can, for the sake of convenience, be used for both furniture and floors, but even then it is recommended that two tins are bought at a time and one used exclusively for floors, the other for furniture. In polishing a floor, it is almost impossible to prevent minute grains of dirt and grit from becoming embedded in the polish, which can cause scratches and marks on the smoother furniture woods.

ALL polishes should be applied sparingly. A furniture expert says that a clean duster should be merely rubbed over the polish in the tin, and then applied to as large an area of wood as possible until the duster is quite dry. Then a final polish should be given with a second clean duster. The function of polish is to clean and to impart a gloss to the wood. Polish does not "feed" the timber, in the sense that shoe polish supples the shoe leather, and it should not be applied so thickly that it leaves a sticky coating all over the surface.

If the polish is used correctly, it should never be necessary to spring clean the furniture, but where incorrect polishing has left a dull, sticky film over the surface, it is better to remove all the layers of old polish and start again. Washing with mild soap suds is probably the safest solvent, but in really bad cases, the old polish can be removed with turps substitute. Care, however, should be taken in the use of turps, as used too lavishly it can damage the surface dressing. Turps should never be used on french polish, as it will impair the high gloss shellac finish.

A furniture polish slightly perfumed with lavender is not only a pleasant means of perfuming the room, but it has the practical advantage of acting as a deterrent to woodworm.

Ernest Challoner, F.R.H.S., Talks About Flowers For The Inexperienced Gardener To Grow

Clematis

Pansies

Beginner's Garden

WE hear about beginner's luck in fishing and in golf, and the same thought is applied to gardening when someone has "green fingers" and "everything she plants grows so well." But real success only comes to the gardener, as to the angler and golfer, by some study and hard work; though pleasure and achievement dawns on the gardener from the very first successes.

Though some very real gardeners share Addison's bias towards something to eat, when he said: "I have always thought a kitchen garden a more pleasant sight than the finest orangery or artificial greenhouse," most beginners are eager for the more spectacular pleasure of flowers in bloom.

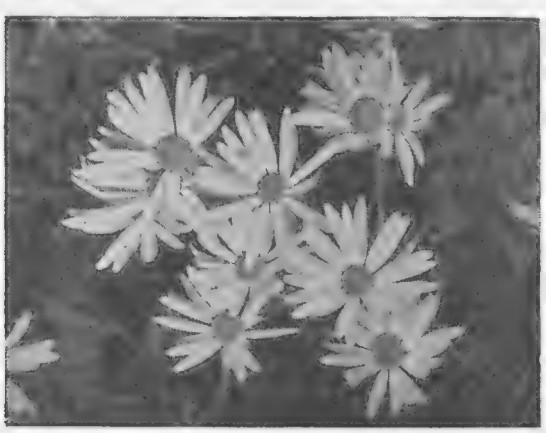
If the beginner has a brand-new and empty garden it will need plenty of manure digging into it. If it is an old jungle of a garden it will need plenty of lime, after it has been well cleared of all the stale vegetation.

To achieve an impressive show of flowers the beginner inevitably goes for seedling plants and shrubs for spring planting, but this is a costly way of working and though it may produce a sudden show of beauty, may equally quickly disappear, when the hastily bought and hastily planted purchases quietly fade away. No, the best beginner's garden starts with the very beginning of plant life—seeds.

THE temptation of getting a ready-made effect from bedding-out plants, already in flower, should be resisted. It is from seeds that the beginner will get the real thrill. In gardening, patience only comes with experience, and the beginner who longs for quick results is apt to limit his success. So, annual seeds are the ones to buy, and hardy annuals at that.

Most of these go into the ground in March, April and May, according to the instructions on the packet. Against the fence, or wall, sow sweet peas, climbing nasturtiums, cosmos, canary creeper, African marigolds and sunflowers—none of these are temperamental or difficult. Sweet peas and sunflowers are sown nearly an inch deep, one seed in one small hole, never closer than three inches together. The very small seeds are sprinkled very thinly in drills a quarter of an inch deep, six inches between the rows, or they can be distributed in small clusters about a foot wide.

Other good cutting flowers are larkspur, annual chrysanthemum, cornflower, gypsophila, lavatera, and leptosyne—all so easy to grow. Then a good show of clarkia may be sown nearer the front of the bed, in many colours from salmon to white, with a border of french marigolds, mignonette and forget-me-nots. The new scented double nasturtium is called Golden Gleam, and the large-flowered dwarf varieties Tom Thumb. These are the easiest of all decorative flowers to grow. The poorer the soil the better they like it; so if you are struggling with a small town garden, here is your best bet for a colourful show. Nasturtium seeds are large, and one seed goes into a hole one inch deep, with six-inch spaces between holes. Mixed candytuft is another strong grower to put near the front of the border.



Pyrethrums

Lupins

It is important that before sowing, the earth must be well raked over, and made into a weed-free, stone-free and fine-soil bed. The earth must be perfectly even when the small seeds are sprinkled, pressed down, and watered first. After sowing, a light sprinkle of soil or sand is spread over the seeds, again pressed flat and watered very lightly from a fine-nozzle can, held high, to imitate gentle rain as much as possible.

If an ugly fence has to be covered quickly, then canary creeper produces a mass of flowers and foliage. For permanent covering, rambler rose, clematis and honeysuckle plants can be bought cheaply and present few difficulties to the inexperienced.

If you are not inclined to await results from seeds, good-sized bedding plants can be bought for half a crown to four shillings per dozen. The young plants to look for in early spring are lobelia, alyssum, aubretia, wallflower, stocks, marigolds, pansies, tobacco plants, snapdragons, pinks, sweet william, columbine, and many kinds of coloured daisies.

If you want a (*Continued on page* 67)

Ribbed Cardigan

MATERIALS.—9 oz. of Sirdar Majestic 3-ply wool in grey; 1 pair each of No. 11 and No. 13 needles; 9 buttons.
TENSION.—8 sts. and 11 rows to 1 in. when slightly stretched.
MEASUREMENTS.—Length, 22 ins.; bust, 36 ins.; underarm seam, 17½ ins.

BACK

Cast on 112 sts. on No. 13 needles and work in g.st. (every row k.) for 1½ ins. (22 rows). Change to No. 11 needles and rib of k. 2, p. 2, beg. and ending first and every odd row with k. 2. Continue without shaping until work measures 4 ins. Change to No. 13 needles and work 3 ins. in rib. Change back to No. 11 needles and inc. at each end of this and every following 4th row until there are 148 sts. on needle. Continue without shaping until work measures 13 ins. Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. at each end of every alternate row until there are 120 sts. on needle. Continue until work measures 16 ins. Change to No. 13 needles and work 22 rows in g.st. to match border. Change back to No. 11 needles and ribbing and continue until work measures 21½ ins.

Next two rows.—Work to within 10 sts. of end ; turn.
Next two rows.—Work to within 20 sts. of end ; turn.
Next two rows.—Work to within 30 sts. of end ; turn.
Next row.—Work to within 40 sts. of end ; turn, and work to end. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 62 sts. on No. 13 needles and work in g.st. for ½ in. (8 rows).

Next row.—K. 4, cast off 4, k. 54 to end of row.
Next row.—K. 54, cast on 4, k. 4.

Continue in g.st. for 22 rows to match back. Change (*Continued on page* 66)

Deep-Welted Jumper

MATERIALS.—8 oz. Copley's Shetland Floss; No. 12 needles; 6 small buttons and elastic thread.
MEASUREMENTS.—Bust, 34 ins.; length, 23 ins.
No. 1 KNITTING PATTERN.—1st row (right side of work), k. 1 twisted, p. 2, to end of row. 2nd row, k. 2, p. 1 twisted, to end of row.
No. 2 KNITTING PATTERN (for waist).—1st row (right side of work), k. 1 twisted, p. 1, to end of row. 2nd row, p. 1 twisted, k. 1, to end of row.
No. 3 KNITTING PATTERN (double moss stitch).—1st row, k. 1, p. 1, to end of row. 2nd and 3rd rows, p. 1, k. 1, to end of row. 4th row, k. 1, p. 1, to end of row.

BACK

Cast on 130 sts. and work in No. 1 patt. for 4¾ ins. In the following row, p. the 2 p. sts. tog. over the whole needle and then work in No. 2 patt. for 1¼ ins. In the next row pick up 1 st. next to the p. st. and continue again in No. 1 patt. for 3 ins. Now change to No. 3 patt. and inc. 1 st. ten times both sides every ½ in. When work measures 11 ins. from start, divide work in two halves for opening in the centre back and work the two halves separately. Cast on 5 sts. to the centre opening for border, work 4 of these sts. purlwise (right side of work), and k. the 5th st. twisted, slipping this st. in every other row (wrong side of work) and carrying the wool in front of the st. 15 ins. from beg. of work shape for armhole by casting off both sides: 4, 4, 3, 3, 1 sts. When armhole measures 3 ins. shaping for neck begins. Cast off 5 border sts. and then 1 st. every 4th row 17 times ; 8 ins. from beg. of armhole shape shoulders thus: cast off 21 sts. at armhole edge twice. Cast off remaining sts.

FRONT

As back but without centre opening ; 5½ ins. from beg. of armhole shape for neck : cast off 10 sts. in the centre of needle and on either side of (*Continued on page* 66)

Weather Report

January outlook stormy. Wear Aquascutum's beautifully tailored, proofed gaberdine. Choose it in stone, a gay green, opal or deep turquoise, £11–11–0. Go well shod and confident of your appearance in Holmes sheepskin-lined calf half-bootees, at the foot of the page, or, if you prefer a lightweight bootee, in Brevetts Bouncer boots, streamlined to the ankles, from Saxone, 126/-. A gusset-tab court in tan calf by Swan, centre, is a well-cut winter walking shoe, 66/9; and, above it, a softly flexible Lotus model in brown, blue, red or green with a punched vamp, to wear on the better days or later, with a spring suit.

Write to "Britannia and Eve" Women's Department, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope, if you would like to know where these items can be bought.

The Mystery Of The Avenue

The house of Dior, in the Avenue Montaigne, and the man who has won the French Legion of Honour, the American Fashion "Oscar" and the hearts of women throughout the world with his clothes.

THE Avenue Montaigne lies in a fashionable quarter of Paris adjacent to the Champs Élysées. As a thoroughfare it could never by any stretch of imagination be called obscure. The street is wide, the houses are large and opulent, but it would be true to say that international fame only came to it in September 1946, when a man, as yet unknown, moved into No. 30 and opened a dressmaking establishment which has provided one of the epics of Fashion history. It was Christian Dior.

It is not remarkable that on any day of the week, if you happen to be passing that way, you may see rich and famous women from the four quarters of the earth on their way in to consult the wizard. Other dressmakers—any number of them—have achieved the same distinction. What constitutes the mystery is that the influence of the man who, in 1946, lowered forty million hemlines with the stroke of a pencil, has so permeated the world of feminine taste that in Manchester or Mississippi, women who can never aspire to wear the creations of his genius, or even to glimpse the portals of the house where they are born, gaze at their pictured reproductions and sigh with envy and delight.

What is it that has given the name of Dior such news value that the fashion journalists scramble to cable the details of his Collection home in time to make the front pages? Other Couturiers have enjoyed a passing phase of popularity in the news. In some cases it has been achieved by shrewd publicity, or by shock tactics in their designs or, again, by the impact of their own personalities upon the *haute monde*. Less frequently it is accounted for by sheer good dressmaking. But though Christian Dior is a shrewd business-man and an impassioned worker, as a personality he is unremarkable, and his natural diffidence prevents him from becoming a social lion. He had the luck to be backed by one of France's richest men.

Four years ago his name was unknown, yet with a stroke of the pencil he lowered four million hemlines. What has he got, this man with the unremarkable personality whose clothes appear to women to materialise their dreams

Montaigne

But however you assess the personal qualities of the man who has become the centre of the mystery, it is fascinating to speculate upon the secret of his power to touch the imagination of women far beyond the scope of his clientèle.

Few have shared the same universal popularity. Worth is probably the nearest parallel, but even this wizard of fashion, who rose from obscurity as a shopwalker at Swan and Edgar's in 1890 to become the rage of Paris, was a different sort of man. Here was a personality of rare force. One who made his impact upon society as a man as well as the creator of the fabulous clothes which were worn by every reigning Queen, with the exception of our own Victoria.

Where the two have something in common is in their mastery of feminine psychology. In the clothes which they create, women are gloriously idealised; dreams materialise. In this sartorial dream-world women are graceful, flower-like and always essentially and triumphantly feminine.

IN the wealth and extravagance of the Second Empire, Worth found himself free to give rein to ideas of extravagant brilliance. Women even lined their carriages with satin and velvet to match his gowns, but his ideas could never have succeeded by sumptuousness alone. It was the subtle and masterly appeal to feminine foibles which made his name a household word, though in those days there were no manufactured reproductions of his work.

Christian Dior came into his own in a world starved of luxury and satiated with brutality. It was a propitious moment for any dressmaker of outstanding talent. Others were swept in on the crest of a new wave of sartorial interest, but the quiet little man of the Avenue Montaigne saw beyond the hysteria of a world eager to forget the austerities of war, to the everlasting desire of womankind to be womanly.

In his first sensational Collection, the "New Look" (so inaptly named, since it enhanced the waist and bosom and hips of womanhood in a series of ageless curves), he expressed the feminine heart-cry with simple understanding.

He has since made clothes so extravagantly sumptuous that one fashion authority was heard to remark that his clothes give the impression that the Empress Eugenie "dressed like a cook"; but in fact Christian Dior has never lost the common touch. His creations never patronise women and always idealised them. He enshrines the feminine form but never distorts it. He has something in common with the artist or the writer who delights to depict the poetry of life and dismiss its uglier facets.

"Fashion which has no poetical depth is of no value," he says. "I create with my heart." That provides the clue to the mystery of the Avenue Montaigne.

A fabulous confection of tulle—hundreds of yards of it—for a Dior wedding gown; and (above) the ball gown in pink and black tulle which set women sighing at his last Collection held in the famous Salon seen above.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

A Quiz to test your General Knowledge in connection with the equipment and decoration of the home, compiled

By Rosetta Desbrow.

THE QUESTIONS:

1. When buying pottery, how do you distinguish between earthenware and china ?

2. Colours are said to be warm and advancing or cool and receding. How true is this and which is which ?

3. What are the features which distinguish the typical Queen Anne from Georgian house ?

4. To give an impression of height to a low ceilinged room, would you carry the wallpaper up to the cornice, or leave a frieze ?

5. What approaching event is likely to set new standards and new fashions in furnishing for the future ?

6. What is urea ?

7. Splayed legs are a feature of contemporary furniture. What purpose do they serve ?

8. Who first brought mahogany into England ?

9. What wood is characteristic of Queen Anne furniture ?

10. What is a banquette ?

11. Who is Gordon Russell ?

12. In a study would you choose colours that harmonise or contrasting ones ?

13. What is " gravy " ?

14. How would you camouflage a too-small window ?

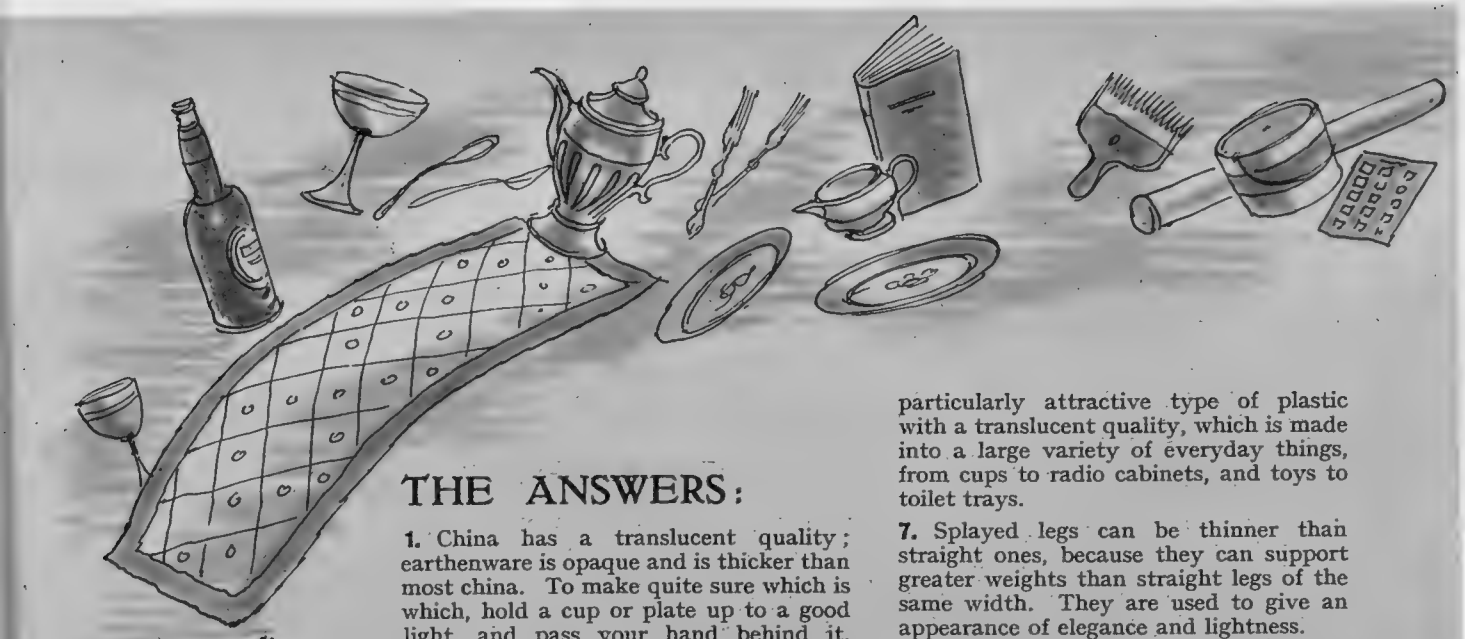
15. In a small bedroom would you have one fabric for curtains and bedspread ?

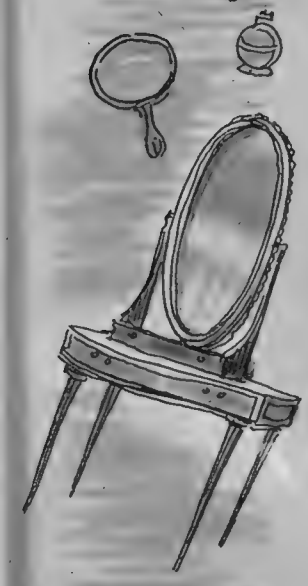
16. What points would you look for in choosing ashtrays ?

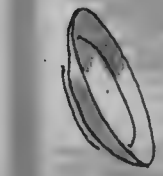
17. What is an epergne ?

18. What is understood by the term " flatware " ?

19. For carpeting a narrow hall, would you choose a plain carpet or one with stripes running across ?







THE ANSWERS:

1. China has a translucent quality; earthenware is opaque and is thicker than most china. To make quite sure which is which, hold a cup or plate up to a good light, and pass your hand behind it. A dark shadow will show on china, but not on earthenware.

2. Generally speaking, red, yellow and orange are the warm, advancing colours, while blue, green and violet are cool and receding. But these days, with dyes so varied, reds can have cool tones, and blues and greens warmish ones. However, it is still true that blue or green will make a small room look larger than red or yellow.

3. Queen Anne doorways have elaborately carved canopies, with triangular pediments and rectangular fanlights. Georgian doorways are simpler, with semi-circular tops and fanlights. Roofs project over the front wall, with decorated eaves in Queen Anne houses, whereas in Georgian ones, the front wall is carried up to hide the roof. Window bars are twice as thick in Queen Anne houses as in Georgian ones.

4. The wallpaper should be carried right up to the cornice, because a frieze would have the effect of " cutting " the wall and diminishing its height. A paper with vertical stripes will give the illusion of more height to the room than an all-over pattern.

5. The Festival of Britain, 1951. There will be a Homes and Gardens section in the South Bank Exhibition, which promises to give us many new ideas on furniture and furnishings, decoration and arrangement of room. Moreover, at Lansbury, the new housing estate at Poplar, which will be a " live " architectural exhibit, the public will be able to see some furnished homes.

6. Urea (or more correctly, urea formaldehyde) is the unattractive name of a particularly attractive type of plastic with a translucent quality, which is made into a large variety of everyday things, from cups to radio cabinets, and toys to toilet trays.

7. Splayed legs can be thinner than straight ones, because they can support greater weights than straight legs of the same width. They are used to give an appearance of elegance and lightness.

8. Sir Walter Raleigh.

9. Walnut.

10. A long seat built against a wall.

11. One of our most eminent furniture designers, now Director of the Council of Industrial Design.

12. A stimulating décor is more often needed in a study than a restful one, so a scheme with contrasting colours would be the better. But go easy, because too much contrast may jangle the nerves and make work as impossible as a soft, restful scheme would. Red is the most stimulating of colours, and is extremely effective in small doses.

13. An American slang term describing those shades of porridge, brown and beige popular before the war for furnishing schemes.

14. Make the pelmet and curtain runner wider than the window, and higher if possible.

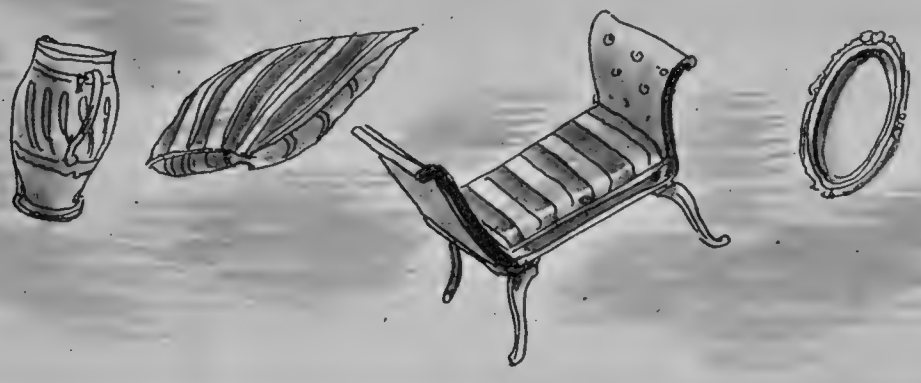
15. No. The same pattern on bed and windows would bring the two nearer together. Patterned curtains and a plain bed cover with an interesting texture are better.

16. Sufficient size and depth to hold the ash and stubs of at least four cigarettes. Easy washability. Decorative effect.

17. A table centrepiece, usually in silver, with a centre bowl or basket and a number of smaller ones grouped round it on branches.

18. Cutlery, trays and other similar flat pieces, in silver or metal.

19. The striped carpet would make the hall look wider.



Motion-Study

NEVER say a kitchen is hopeless. Your own may be unhandy, uninteresting and, to all appearances, unresponsive to treatment, but no kitchen is without possibilities of improvement.

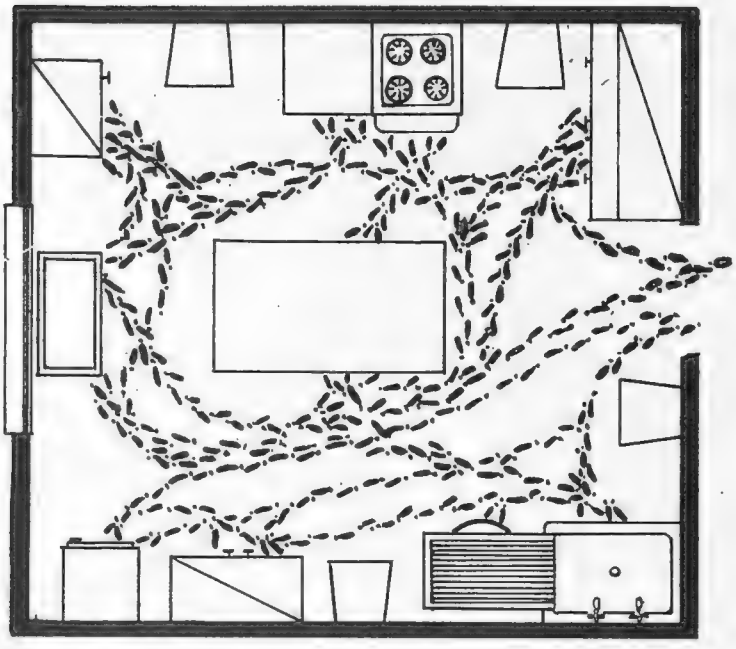
One's first reaction to such a sweeping statement is that improvements are costly. That is true enough. A badly-designed and imperfectly-equipped kitchen calls for new apparatus and new fittings, but this is not the whole story. Moreover, the new system of unit fittings makes it possible for improvements to be made gradually. The important thing is to have a plan upon which to work.

THOUGH fittings are important in themselves, the disposal and arrangement of them—whether they are old or new—have as much to do with the ultimate efficiency of the room as a working centre. Motion study is a scientific theory of self-help which has had spectacular results in speeding-up production in industry. In simple terms it means the reduction of all movements to an essential minimum, thus saving time and fatigue. It is self-evident that if a task can be accomplished in three movements instead of six you are on the road to ease.

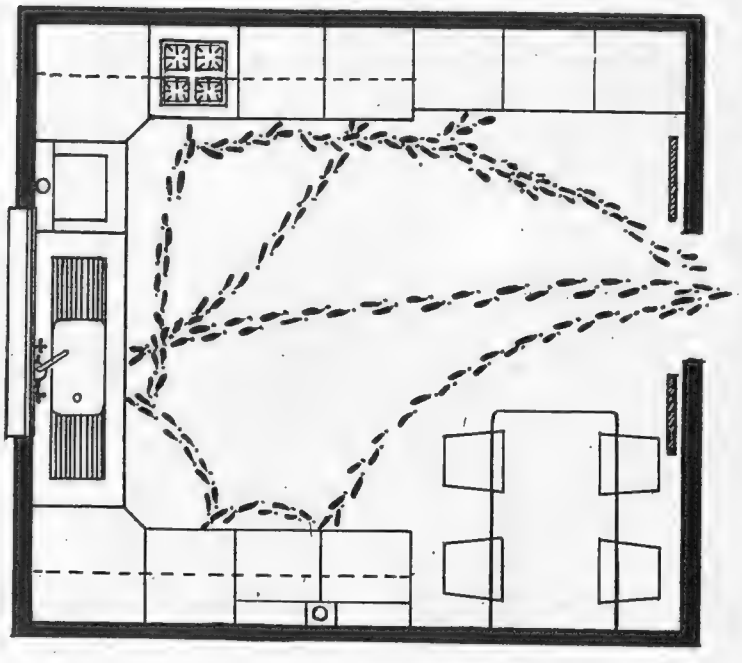
The practice of motion study is as readily applicable in the home as elsewhere, and consists of an intelligent study of methods as well as the disposal of essential apparatus so that movement is limited to essentials.

IN the average house fittings and apparatus are too widely dispersed. A scientific disposal of them does call for drastic reorganisation and expenditure, which

Though a scientifically planned kitchen as elaborate as this one may be a distant objective it can provide the nucleus of future plans



In the smaller drawing on the opposite page is the raw material for the motion-study kitchen below it. The background for the individual unit fittings is given by flexible plastic wall tiles. Refrigerator and boiler are contained in separate units under the working surface, which also contains the mobile trolley.



A study of the two plans, before and after conversion, showing the mileage saved by scientific arrangement of the essential kitchen equipment. Flat working surfaces adjacent to cooker, sink and food-storage units and the grouping of sink, cooker and frig. into one unit in the improved plan, save the endless crossing and recrossing of the kitchen under the old scheme.

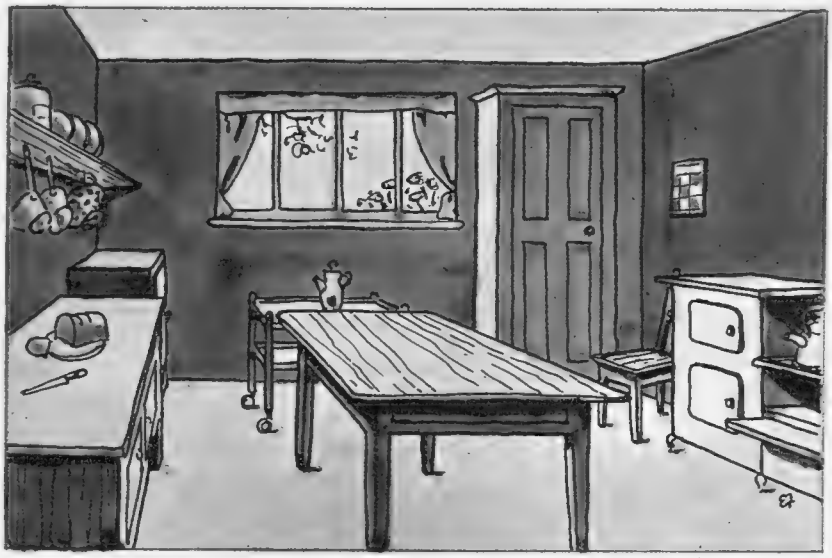
Kitchen

many of us would find impracticable, but by making a basic plan and working up to its completion by easy stages, it is possible by degrees to attain a relatively efficient kitchen, even where architectural factors intervene.

MANY of us know, too well, the fatigue and frustration which result from equipment inconveniently located, from odds and ends of apparatus overflowed on to inaccessible shelves and consigned to the backs of cupboards. The simplest calculation gives a clue to the number of movements used in a kitchen of such haphazard design by comparison with the one where everything is at hand and easily accessible.

Our larger illustration shows an ideal motion-study kitchen. The smaller picture shows it before re-designing. The plans demonstrate the effect upon the housewife's travels around the room of a scientific disposal of the fittings. The English Rose fittings used in this case are unit pieces, self-contained and disposable at will. A room as elaborately equipped is not easily attainable at one sweep, but the principles of its design and lay-out are instructive if one is contemplating any changes, even minor ones.

Every time a new piece of apparatus or a better fitting is added, it should fall into its place in the complete plan. Thus, by easy stages, one is progressing towards the ideal.



The rocketing price of knitting wools has put a new valuation on handknits. Sheila Richardson, a knitting expert, has practical advice to offer on giving tired woollies a new lease of life.

Renovating Woollies

A JERSEY which has shrunk or stretched can be adjusted most neatly where the welt joins the main fabric. Undo the side seams from the cast-on edge to an inch or so above the waist. Pick out one strand of wool from the side edge at the last rib row or the first following row; pull this strand gently until the fabric gathers in folds. Continue to pull until you can discern the drawn strand at the other end of the row; break it there and pull the strand right out. With a little persuasion the welt and the main part will separate rather like the two halves of a zip fastener, each part with an edge of tiny stitch loops which have hitherto interlocked.

Now, if the main or body part is too long, unravel the surplus before you pick up the stitches. If it is not long enough, pick up the stitches and with matching, toning or contrasting wool, work the extra length. To join the welt and body part, put both sets of stitches on to needles and graft them together—any knitting primer will explain grafting, with diagrams—taking care not to draw the grafting thread so tight that it will snap at the first stretch.

The addition of completely fresh ribbing at waist, cuffs, neckband or collar of a tired cardigan is a rejuvenation worth trying. If the unravelled wool is too worn to be re-knitted, and none of the original wool is available, use any contrasting or matching yarn of the same ply.

A recently-started ribbing service will do the ribbing for you in a week by machine, giving a much firmer, better-lasting and more professional fabric than by hand. The wool you send—from two to four ounces, according to the amount of ribbing you want and the ply of the wool—is returned, with all left-over yarn, as k. 1, p. 1 ribbing; the loops of the last row are left ready for picking up and grafting, casting-off or, in the case of a new piece of knitting, continuing with the body pattern. The charges of the service are very moderate; for example, the welts and cuffs of a jersey, taking two ounces, cost 2s. 9d.

TO ease a jersey that has shrunk and become tight under the arms, knit diamond-shaped patches in matching wool: casting on one or two stitches, increasing at the beginning of every row until there are about thirty, then decreasing on every row until none remain, gives an average patch. Undo the side and underarm seam for a few inches either side of the armhole. Fit in the diamond patches, top and bottom points to the side and underarm seam, side points touching the armhole seams; sew them neatly in place and press.

A neckline that has stretched can have its ribbing renewed with unused or unravelled wool. Replace the worn button and buttonhole fastening with a featherweight zip.

Converts

Lovely old vases, oil lamps, even decorative bottles and jars, converted to electricity, can make amusing and decorative lamps for the home

ADAPTING oil lamps or bottles is a simple undertaking with the aid of an electrical gadget which can be fitted into the aperture of the vase or the neck of a bottle. It is made in three sizes and the cork strip can be cut as required to fit most containers. The oil lamp conversion, above, was made with the largest size, the liqueur bottle lampstand, above, right, with the smallest. Both adaptations took, literally, a minute to do. In the picture, left, are the raw materials for the popular conversion of a wine bottle. There is the adapter itself, raffia cloth for making a shade, or the ready-made shade which matches the rustic simplicity of the wine bottle. Raffia cloth and shade, the complete lamp can be obtained from the Eaton Bag Co.

PREVENTION
Is Better Than
PEDICURE

THE importance of foot health to the general sense of well-being cannot be overestimated, for a well-tended foot should never develop any of the minor disorders which send so many sufferers hobbling along to the chiropodist.

Many minor foot troubles can be avoided simply by keeping the foot flexible and in good muscular tone. Flexibility is essential if the foot is to perform its two separate and opposed functions of a pedestal and lever. As a pedestal, to take the resting weight of the body, the foot, ideally, should be wide and flat; as a lever, it should be well arched, the more easily to propel the body forward. Exact shape is of secondary importance, for it is better to have a badly-shaped foot that is flexible, than a perfectly shaped foot which is stiff and rigid.

Foot suppling exercises will not only prevent, but also relieve many of the minor foot discomforts such as incipient "dropped" arches, corns and callosities caused by rigidity of the phalanges. Try picking up objects with the toes—a woolly ball, a rolled-up stocking or a pencil placed obliquely so that the toes can grip it—particularly good for strengthening the muscles and correcting flat feet.

Sit with the feet on a book about an inch thick, with the feet turned slightly inwards and the toes over the edge. Keeping the heels down all the time, stretch the toes downwards towards the floor. This again strengthens the muscles and will relieve pain under the ball of the foot which arises when the toes are not taking their full share of the body's weight in walking. Walking on tip-toe, "splaying" out the toes (with full muscular control it should be possible to move them independently one at a time), rolling the foot from the ankle and turning the foot inwards, at the same time clenching the toes, are all effective in restoring muscular resilience.

NEVER expect the foot to do more than it is physically capable of performing. Even the strongest foot will protest after long hours of standing or walking. Prolonged standing exerts pressure on the muscles which in time weaken with fatigue, throwing an undue strain upon the ligaments of the foot which in turn begin to complain and become painful. The answer is, of course, to rest the feet periodically, allowing the muscles to regain their elasticity. (*Continued on page* 67)

	SKIN TYPE	CHARACTERISTICS	FOUNDATION
YOUNG SKINS	NORMAL ...	Smooth, fine texture, free from blemishes. Naturally matt	All-purpose Complexion Cream
YOUNG SKINS	DISTURBED ...	Open pores, blackheads and spots. Oily, with tendency to shine	Medicated Lotion
TWENTIES AND THIRTIES	NORMAL ...	Smooth and even textured. Well filled out and remaining unlined until late in life	Skin Bloom
TWENTIES AND THIRTIES	SENSITIVE ...	Dry, delicate "thin" skin which flakes easily and shows a tendency to "veining"	Complexion Veil
TWENTIES AND THIRTIES	ACID	Dry skin accompanied by open pores. Tendency to blemishes and "orange peel" skin	Liquid Foundation
TWENTIES AND THIRTIES	COMBINATION	Part dry and scaly (usually cheeks), part oily (usually forehead, nose and chin)	Liquid Foundation or Make-up Base (dry areas) Foundation Cream (oily areas)
TWENTIES AND THIRTIES	RELAXED ...	Oily, open-pored skin which shines easily; inclined to sallowness	Liquid Foundation
MATURE SKINS	RELAXED ...	Relaxed and sagging contours; skin normal or oily	Liquid Foundation
MATURE SKINS	LINED	Skin over dry, lined and crêpy. Face and throat thin	Complexion Veil

What Kind of Skin?

CLEANSER	LUBRICANT	SKIN TONIC	CORRECTIVE TREATMENT
Liquefying Cleansing Cream	All-purpose Complexion Cream (on alternate nights)	Toning Lotion	Needs no corrective treatment, except massage with Night Cream when the skin gets chapped.
Medicated soap and warm water	Medicated Cream	Medicated Lotion	These are the symptons of adolescent acne which should be treated with Acne Home Treatment.
Feather-touch Cleanser	Velvet Texture Cream	Skin Freshener	Normal routine care will maintain the good condition of this skin, with an occasional Velva Cream Masque to tone.
Dry Skin Cleansing Cream	Velvet Texture Cream	Skin Freshener	Needs protection against extremes of temperature. Use protective film under make-up.
Complexion Soap and water	Rich Skin Food	Astringent Complexion Milk	Regular use of Special Lotion to counteract effects of acid condition.
Wash with turtle oil soap and water, follow with Deep Cleansing Cream	Night Cream (dry parts) Complexion Cream (oily parts)	Astringent Lotion (all areas)	Treat oily and dry areas separately until both are normalised.
Lanolin soap and warm water	Texture Cream	Astringent Lotion	Occasional use of Pore Cream to refine; Anti-Brown Masque to lighten.
Fluffy Cleansing Cream	Velva Cream	Special Astringent	Contour massage with special Muscle Oil
Dry Skin Cleanser	Revenescence Cream	Skin Freshener	A daily beauty routine aimed at nourishing and suppling the skin, supplemented by hormone creams.

This chart shows the complete range of basic beauty preparations recommended for individual skin types. If you would like to have specific names and makes of any of the preparations, or would like advice on any skin problem, please write to Chrysis, Britannia and Eve, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1.

Put A Sparkle In It

Well-polished floors are a delight to the eye but rather heavy on the elbow-grease. Here is the way to prepare and maintain a good surface with the least effort

Remove obstinate stains

THE secret of gleaming, well-polished floors, is to give the wood a good surface first, before the polish is applied. Although it may take time to re-surface a worn floor, it is time well spent, for the polish will be better and it takes very little effort to maintain the sparkle.

If the floorboards are warped, splintered, or in very bad condition, nothing less than professional treatment will improve them. When, however, they are not badly worn, but just darkened and dulled with wear and an accumulation of old waxes, the boards can be re-surfaced in this way.

First remove all the old wax and dirt with turpentine. Bad stains and obstinate dirty marks can be treated with steel wool dipped in turps, rubbing in the direction of the natural grain. Old varnish or shellac can be removed by rubbing down with sandpaper, first *across* the grain of the wood, then, with a finer sandpaper, *with* the grain of the wood. Finally, smooth the surface by rubbing with fine steel wool.

NOW deal with the defects of the flooring itself, which will show up badly in the final polish, if they are not corrected now.

Shallow scratch marks can be smoothed out by rubbing with steel wool in the direction of the wood grain. When the scratches penetrate deeply, the depression should be filled with plastic wood, which is packed in with a spatula or a flexible knife. Don't level off the plastic wood because it shrinks as it dries. When set, the filling can be rubbed level with sandpaper.

Cracks between floorboards which mar the evenness of the floor can also be filled with plastic wood. Choose one from the range of several colours to match as near as possible the desired finish. Wait to do this on a day which is warm and wet so that the floorboards are as fully expanded as they can be. Otherwise, when heat or moisture swell the wood the filler will be squeezed out.

SQUEAKY floorboards usually mean that one of the planks is loose and re-laying is the best treatment. Temporarily, however, the board can often be silenced by gluing. The glue should be forced into the cracks round the loose board with a spatula or flexible knife. Wipe off the excess glue and let the glue set hard before trying it.

When the floor is reconditioned, the surface should be treated with floor seal, to close the pores of the timber and impart a hard finish which will take the polish or wax well. If it is required to change the colour of the stain, apply the wood dye first before the floor seal.

The floor can now be waxed and polished. Apply the wax in a thin, even coat. Better to make two thin applications than one too-generous one which will make the task of polishing more difficult. An electric polisher will take over the laborious task of applying the wax and buffing and give a higher gloss more lasting finish. A colourless wax guaranteed not to dry white in the cracks is suitable for all coloured wood floorings, as it will bring out the richness of the darker stains and will not darken the lighter ones.

Treat deep scratches

WHEN the floor has been treated in this way, it is a simple task to keep its sparkle. Re-waxing will be necessary only once or twice a year, except, perhaps, for local areas subject to heavy traffic. Otherwise, keep the floor free from dirt and dust and well mopped. Never use water on a polished wood floor, but use steel wool and liquid wax to touch up scuff marks, etc. Wipe up any spilt liquid immediately.

Polish with colourless wax

Concerning Pleats

Pleats are fashionable and nearly always becoming if they are chosen well. Do you know which of the several varieties to choose for your type of figure; which will last and which will fade away?

IT is good news that permanent pleating has at last arrived. Several years of research have gone to perfect the new process whereby nylon and certain nylon mixtures are pleated into permanence, even in the wash. The snag about this miracle is that there is a shortage of nylon garments, pleated or otherwise. So, for the moment, ordinary pleating must suffice.

Most of us accept pleating as something which is feminine and gives a graceful motion to the figure and is not, perhaps, always very practical. Well, is this really so?

Feminine and graceful it is if the type of pleats chosen suit the figure. Some are practical others less so, according to the uses to which they are put. The style of pleating which suits one figure may be unkind to another.

KNIFE pleating is best suited to the tall and slender hipped. The material is cut on the cross and pressed into pleats commencing above the hipline. The fact that they begin to flare at this point demands that the hipline should be narrow.

Sunray pleating, for which the material is, again, cut on the bias is not flat pleating and is not therefore the best choice for wider hips.

For a slenderizing effect any narrow type of pleating, like accordian, is the perfect answer. For this the material is cut on the straight and long, narrow vertical lines detract from width by emphasizing length.

Length is vitally important. A full, short skirt on a wide figure is disastrous. Generally speaking, pleated skirts should be slightly longer than the straight pencil ones.

MOST materials pleat well if handled by an expert, but only if the dye is good, otherwise the steam process used in pleating produces discoloured patches. Moss crêpes and crinkly rayons do not lend themselves so well to pleating and, of course, never choose a heavy-weight wool for fine pleating.

Do you know the trick of rolling a pleated skirt for packing so that it comes out smooth and uncreased? As for day-to-day care, suspend it on a straight hanger immediately it is taken off. Never lay it down so that the pleats have to take their own weight.

Although most materials will pleat successfully, some designs need to be carefully handled. Plaid has always been a chosen medium for pleating but bold, over-plaid designs can be sadly disappointing if the wide stripe is allowed to run horizontally around the seat and tummy. Small checks and narrow stripes are safest.

Never try to shorten a pleated skirt by turning up the hem. Cut it to the length required and finish with a facing of half-inch tape. Better still, remove the waistband and shorten it from there, but this can only be done with pleating done on the straight of the material.

MAN PROPOSES

Nothing is quite so fascinating to read of as a marriage proposal. It has the intriguing quality of all forms of eavesdropping and the appeal to the romantic which is in us all

AT one time the proposal scene provided the great denouement for romantic works of fiction. To-day it passes as a casual incident, if, indeed, it occurs at all.

Is it indicative of a self-conscious cynicism that literature so seldom produces such scenes of tenderness and humour as this rustic proposal by the diffident Gabriel Oak to the capricious and lovely Bathsheba in Hardy's *Far from the Madding Crowd*:

"The top and tail of it is this—that I am sniffing about here and waiting for Boldwood's farm with a thought of getting you some day."

"Getting me! What does that mean?"

"Marrying 'o 'ee, in plain British. You asked me to tell you, so you mustn't blame me."

"Marrying me? I didn't know it was that you meant," she said quietly; "such a thing as that is too absurd—too soon to think of by far."

"Yes, of course it is too absurd. I don't desire any such thing. Surely you be the last person in the world I think of marrying. It is too absurd as you say."

"Too s-s-soon were the words I used."

"I must beg your pardon for correcting you, but you said 'too absurd' and so do I."

"I beg your pardon, too!" she returned with tears in her eyes. "Too soon was what I said. But it doesn't matter a bit—not at all—but I only meant too soon. Indeed I did Mr. Oak, you must believe me!"

Gabriel looked at her long in the face, but the firelight being faint there was not much to be seen.

"Bathsheba," he said tenderly and in surprise and coming closer: "If I only knew one thing—whether you would allow me to love you, and marry you after all—if I only knew that!"

"But you will never know," she murmured.

"Why?"

"Because you never ask."

"Oh—oh!" said Gabriel with a low laugh of joyousness, "My own dear!"

OR this, for an example of the woman taking the initiative from Houseman's *Victoria Regina*?

Victoria: Albert . . . I have something to say to you.

Albert: Yes, what is it Cousin?

Victoria: In my position it is I who have to say it—unfortunately. Ordinarily it is not what a woman would wish to say herself. She would rather *he* said it.

Albert: Is there anything you would wish me to say—that I can say?

Victoria (tremulously): To hear you say you can love me is all I can hope, yet. If you would say that you already do love me, that would be almost like heaven.

Albert: I do . . . love you, cousin.

Victoria: Enough to marry me?

Albert: More than enough to marry you, for people in our position often marry without love at all.

Victoria: I wouldn't do that—Albert.

Albert: Nor could I—Victoria.

Victoria: Then you will marry me?

Albert: If it is your wish—when you know me—I will, very gratefully and humbly, accept this dear hand that you offer me.

TO show that sentiment and comedy are not irreconcilable there is Petruchio's proposal to Kate in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

This in plain terms:—
your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife;
your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you,
I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for
your turn; (*Continued on page* 68)

Sales technique

Lorna Lewis tells you how to keep your head on January bargain hunts

WHEN is a bargain not a bargain? It's when you've lost your head at the sales and bought the perfectly hopeless-coloured twin set or the *teeny*-bit-tight shoes because they were labelled "Positively MUST Be Cleared" and the reduction was sensational!

But in saletime there really are genuine bargains to be picked up by the discriminating customer, even though they're not on the scale of the glorious pre-war days when the shopper came home exhausted but triumphant, weighed down with "Unrepeatable Offers," and small-income women blossomed forth like dress-show queens.

How can you be reasonably sure of getting a bargain that *is* a bargain? Firstly, by exercising, common sense and self-control, because nothing's cheap if you don't really need it, and things that look wonderful in a shop showroom may look disastrous in the home. Secondly, by understanding something of the principles of "marking down" used in most shops.

Generally speaking, clothing, textile and general stores "mark down" the past season's fashions to make way for newer styles; and flawed, damaged and slightly shop-soiled goods are reduced too. A "flaw" may be only a very small imperfection, a catch in material, a slight smear of the paint-brush on china, an irregularity in the kettle handle that won't impair its work as a boiler. "Shop-soiled" goods may look like new when washed or cleaned, so these make good bargains. "Faded" lines are harder to choose. A remnant of beautiful furnishing fabric isn't cheap if it's not going to be possible to make it up so as to eliminate the fade, so careful thought is needed here.

AS most stores buy their new goods at fairly regular intervals and mark them with signs signifying date of delivery, a selection of those left over from one period to another will automatically be marked down for sales. Those firms who don't have twice-yearly sales may have regular all-the-year-round genuine reductions—and in a good shop they *are* genuine. In a good shop, too, you need not suspect the worth of a "special attraction as advertised," those stylish dress or blouse lengths, those fascinating displays of china, glass, lampshades and oddments that still spring up mushroom-like occasionally in spite of the claims of the export market—all these probably have a reliable source. They are likely to be ends of rolls of material; or what the trade call "broken colour ranges"—colours that can't be repeated so are unmatchable; or "seconds" (the not-quite perfects); or our familiar friends the export rejects; good stuff worth considering.

Shoe shops usually offer good bargains because they, too, work on a recognized "mark down" system. Take, for instance, the trade term "broken sizes." This means that in the pre-sale overhaul of stock a shop finds that in a certain style of shoe it has sizes 3, 4, no 5s, 6, no 7s, 8. All that lot probably goes into the sale at very good value prices to those who, like Cinderella, can get *comfortably* into the glass slipper. . . . Then, as in dress shops, styles going just a little out of fashion will be marked down; also "unpopular" colours, which a wise purchaser may be able to have dyed.

Sale-price furs should be approached with great caution—among possible reduction reasons are past styles and poor skins. Styles *can* be remodelled—at a cost; but the tip for fur bargains is "A good shop for Good Value."

Sale-price grand pianos and diamond brooches being outside the range of most of us, let's pass them over. . . . .

Biggest "Do" for the sales: Go in a spirit of adventure. Most shops are not out to do you down, but they want your money. You're offered a sporting chance, and if you want to come back with yourself re-suited; your husband re-shirted, the children re-shoed and the dog re-collared—good luck to you!

Here are a few Don'ts for the sales.

1. Don't buy first and look afterwards.
2. Don't scream with surprise if a flawed article *is* flawed.
3. Don't expect startling reductions on standard goods—a "snip" off to tempt you is the most you'll get.
4. Don't fall for catchy labels, the kind that cross out "4d. each" and substitute "3 for 1s." in huge letters.
5. Don't expect a good store to turn into a junk shop—and if it does, discourage it. (The real junk shop is a gamble, like the football pools.)

Invalid Cookery

Tray for an Invalid

MOST of us, unfortunately, have some measure of sickness in the household during January or February and are faced with the difficult task of tempting the convalescent with meals of the right kind. This article does not pretend to cater for the seriously ill, or those who are on diet, but is meant to give a few suggestions which might encourage those run down and with little appetite; giving nourishment in a light and attractive form. Broths and milk foods are often among the most unpopular but these can well be substituted by things which are equally wholesome but more attractive. Frying must be avoided and the use of much fat. Celery is a good invalid vegetable and this can be served, among other ways, in this good cream soup :

Wash and clean a head of celery; cut in small pieces and bring to the boil in half a pint of water till tender. Season. Meanwhile cook an onion in a pint of milk. Make a white sauce with an oz. of flour, an oz. of margarine and the milk. Sieve the celery and mix into sauce. Reheat and serve with squares of toast.

A clear soup can be made as follows :

Well wash some scrag end of mutton; chop small, soak in warm water to remove any blood and boil gently for about two hours. Meanwhile cook a little spaghetti, cut in short lengths, in salted water. Remove any scum from broth and pass through a hair sieve. Add spaghetti, reheat and serve very hot.

For those who are ready for something more solid steamed meat or fish are good.

CUTLETS WITH WINE SAUCE

Trim and remove most of the fat from cutlet and steam or stew till tender. Make a white sauce flavoured with half a glassful of dry white wine and pour over cutlets. Serve with creamed

COOKING WITH OIL

MANY people prefer to use olive oil for deep frying, especially for smaller fish. It is considered to be more economical as it can be used satisfactorily over and over again, keeping better than animal fat; oil is also more digestible.

Olive oil can be used as well as vegetable oils for certain forms of cookery; for dressing meat and poultry, or as exemplified on the Continent for tossing vegetables, cooking fish and for hot *hors d'œuvres*. It should not be confused with the vegetable oils, such as almond and teaseed and hazel nut oil, which can be used as a substitute for cooking fat, both for frying or for cakes and pastry.

A coating of olive oil before cooking greatly improves beef steak or tough meat. It helps to soften it and make it tender. With beef steak or chops, beat first with wooden spoon, then brush over with oil. It also makes outside fat on joints of meat, especially pork crackling, crisper if it is brushed over with oil before roasting. Poultry can be treated in the same way. For grilled herrings, dip them in a little flour and brush over with olive oil.

Frying batter for fritters, fish, etc., is good made with 4 oz. flour, ¼ pint tepid water, 1 egg (or tablespoonful more water), a tablespoonful olive oil. Fish can be baked dipped in flour and brushed over with oil, and a little milk at the bottom of the dish. Vegetables such as carrots or hot macedoine can be tossed in a little very hot olive oil just before serving. Olive oil should be used sparingly.

COOKERY BY HARRIET MUIR

Sandwich

Label your Sandwiches with Flags

potato and frozen peas. If liked when cutlets are cooked dip in white sauce, sprinkle with brown crumbs, dab with margarine and crisp in a hot oven about 15 minutes.

Fillets of sole or whiting are also good steamed and served with wine sauce and creamed spinach.

SEMOLINA SOUFFLÉ

Ingredients: ½ pint milk; 1 oz. semolina; 1 egg; 1 oz. sugar; squeeze of lemon and a little grated rind.

Heat milk. Sprinkle in semolina, stirring; boil gently till semolina is clear. Stir in sugar and flavouring. Cool a minute or two and add yolk of egg beaten. Turn into greased soufflé dish and bake in a slow oven about ½ hour, Regulo 2 or 275° F. Whisk egg white stiffly with a tablespoonful castor sugar and a pinch of baking powder. Pile high on soufflé with a glacé cherry on top. Return to oven for about 10 minutes till meringue is set and slightly browned.

INVALID FRUIT SALAD

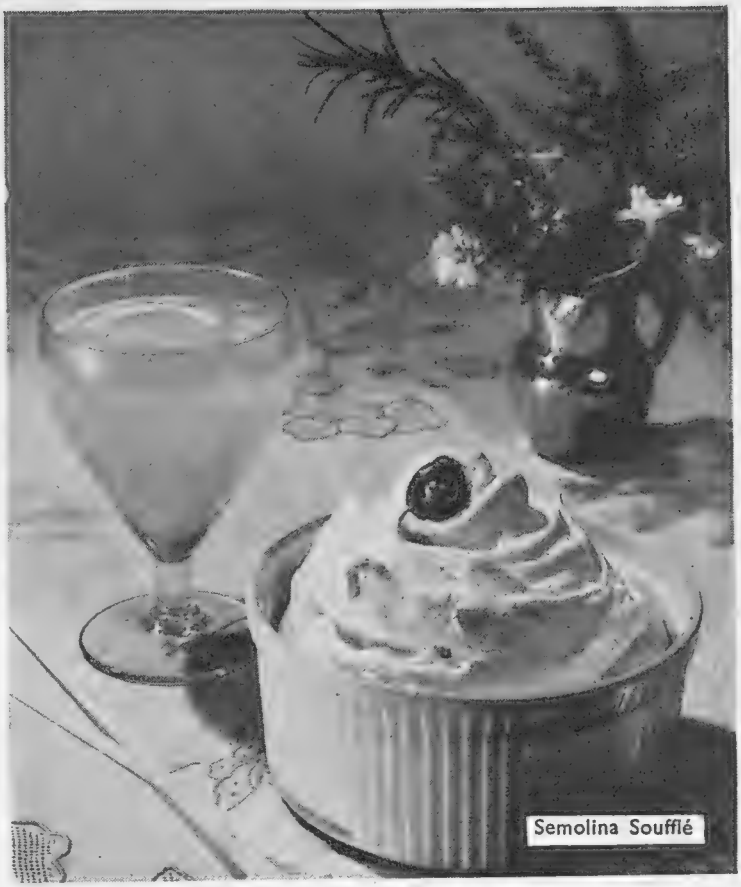
Add juice of half small lemon to about a gill of apple syrup. Skin an orange or 2 tangerines. Remove pips and all skin or pith, and add in small pieces to syrup. Add 2 or 3 well cooked prunes, cut small, and about 8 grapes, skinned and pips removed. Serve with savoy biscuits or sponge cake and a little top of the milk.

CARAMEL SPONGE

Ingredients: 2 oz. lump sugar; ½ pint milk; 2 oz. cake crumbs; Dessertspoonful castor sugar; 1 egg; ½ glass sherry (optional).

Grease a pudding basin and dust with sugar. Put loaf sugar in a thick pan with 2 tablespoonfuls of water. Heat, stirring till the sugar is dissolved and dark brown. Heat the basin and completely coat with caramel. Leave to cool. Meanwhile, soak crumbs in milk, add sugar, sherry and yolk of egg. Whisk white of egg and add. Pour mixture on to caramel, leaving room for rising. Cover with greased paper and pudding cloth. Tie up and steam for about 1 hour.

Lastly a refreshing drink for those who shun milk.



Semolina Soufflé

LEMON AND ORANGE BARLEY WATER

Ingredients: 1½ oz. pearl barley; 1 pint cold water; 1 slice lemon rind and juice of ½ lemon; 2 slices of orange and juice of an orange.

Wash barley, put in pan and boil slowly half an hour or till thick; add sugar to taste and strain through muslin. More lemon or orange can be added to taste.

Fillings

Suggestions for sandwiches to add variety and colour to buffet parties, packed lunches and snack meals

SANDWICHES are one of those standbys which sound so ordinary and yet can provide as much scope for variety and imagination as a set meal. You can have hot toast sandwiches, two-colour ones, filled bridge rolls, rolled sandwiches or for the more ambitious buffet meals open sandwiches more after the manner of the Swedish "Smoerre-broeds." A detail which makes all the difference to the attractions of a sandwich meal, is the use of fancy shapes and these can be made with pastry cutters. Sandwiches can quite well be prepared ahead if put between plates or wrapped in greaseproof paper and covered with a damp cloth or lettuce leaves. Cut off bottom crust of loaf before beginning and soften whatever fat used for spreading.

RAINBOW SANDWICHES

Take a brown and a white loaf. Cut crusts off each loaf, spread with butter and cut fairly thick slices across the length of the loaves. Take a white slice and spread with a green filling such as purée of peas. Lay a brown slice on top, buttered side uppermost. Spread with pink filling such as creamed salmon, tinted with cochineal. If another layer is wanted, lay on next a white slice, spread with cheese butter, if possible using a deep orange coloured cheese. Finally cover with brown slice. Lay a board on top and press with weight. Stand in cool place a few hours. Serve cut across in slices.

DOUBLE DECKER SANDWICHES are also good made in two colours with a meat or fish filling in the first layer and a fruit or vegetable filling in the second layer.

Rolled Sandwiches should have crust removed, cut very thin slices of bread and butter. Spread with paste filling, not a crumbly one.

OPEN SANDWICHES—Use fingers, rounds or fancy shapes of brown bread cut about ½-in. thick.

Suggested fillings and toppings for these three types of sandwiches. **Savoury Pastes**—Peanut butter creamed with a little margarine and grated cheese, salmon creamed with a little mayonnaise and tinted pink. Pea purée blended with grated cheese or mashed egg. Watercress butter and bought fish paste. Anchovy spread made from about twelve fillets of anchovy in oil pounded to a paste; add few chopped chives, pinch of mixed herbs, a few ground nuts, a squeeze of lemon juice. Mix with enough mayonnaise to make a spread. Soft roe and sardine spread can be made from sardines, skinned and boned and pounded to a cream. To this add a knob of margarine, seasoning and a few soft roes. Beat all together to form a paste and cook gently in a small pan. (This is equally good served hot on fingers of toast or cold in fingers of brown bread.)

Growing Out Of It

It is commonly assumed that some of the physical and temperamental ailments of childhood can be improved by time and "the light of nature," but is it so? A medical opinion by Dr. Rose May, M.D.

GENERALLY speaking, those hackneyed phrases—"He'll be better when he is turned seven," "He has outgrown his strength," and "He'll lose his pains later," should be relegated to the scrap heap. Terms like these are cloaks for ignorance which we have no right to express in this scientific era. Admittedly, hope is vitally necessary in every walk of life but where health is concerned it must be supported by sound medical opinion.

Before assuming that a child's temperament and physique will be improved by time, it is as well to have a clear picture of the usual changes to be expected in all youngsters.

Babies pass through various emotional stages beginning with indifference to environment followed by friendliness, fear of the unfamiliar, shyness and sensitiveness in that sequence. Body changes keep pace with mental development and skull openings close, bones harden, teeth erupt and the abdomen flattens. In due course the child learns to walk, talk and display increasing independence until he or she becomes a sociable and capable little person. No two children, and that goes for brothers and sisters, develop at the same rate, *each has his own pattern*. Some progress slowly in one direction, rapidly in another. One infant may be able to string sentences together at eighteen months yet unable to walk until he is two years old, while the baby next door acquires these skills in the reverse order. All in good time a normal child will cut his teeth, chatter away happily and scamper up and down stairs but any attempt to hurry these activities before nature is ready might have disastrous results.

WHEN babyhood is over the healthy youngster travels by easy, though slower, stages until his parents quite suddenly realize he is now an important young man. He has his own ideas, he makes his own friends and he has gained a sense of dignity. Almost as soon, or so it appears to his parents, as they have accepted his new status, puberty has arrived with its complex physical, emotional and glandular changes. The growing-up period is over and the maturing period leading to graceful and charming adulthood, has begun.

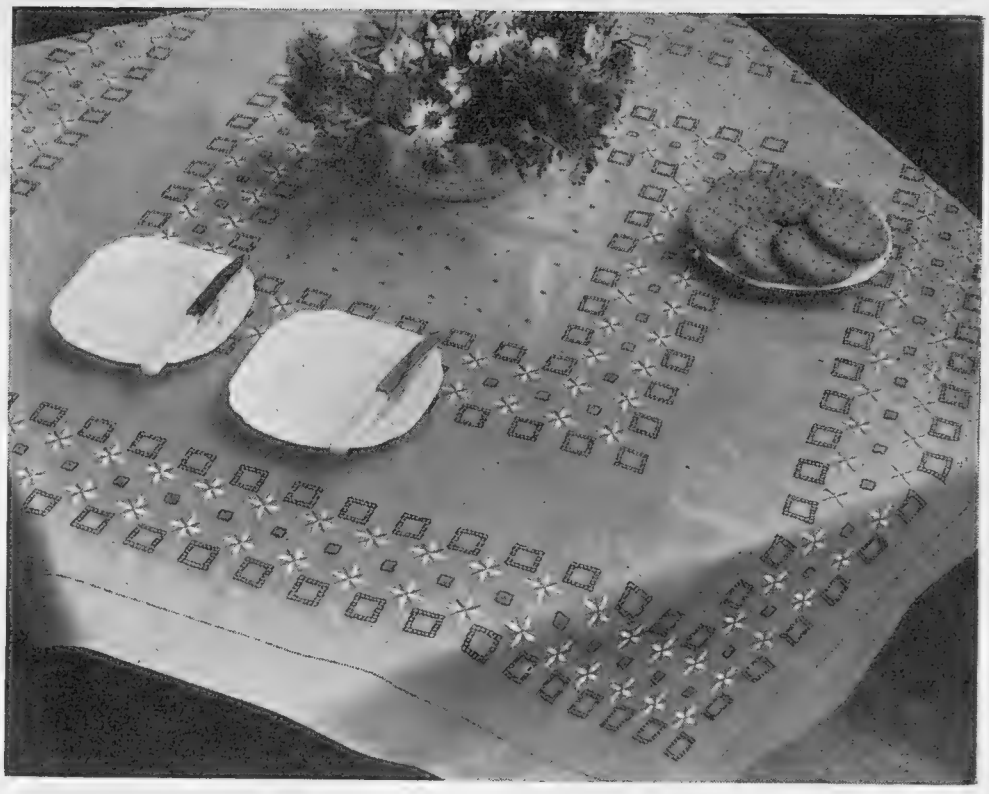
Like adult health, child health is liable on occasion to run off the rails, but unlike the adult the additional strain of shooting-up at the same time must be recognized. Should we be content to sit back placidly and declare that presently nature will step in and remedy the ailment? Distinguishing in our minds those changes we may accept as part and parcel of growth, the answer is always—"No." Nevertheless, when the warning light does show itself it may do so in such a variety of shades that it is impracticable to try and describe every ailment to which it could be related. Nor is it fitting for parents to be walking medical encyclopaedias; what they require is constant alertness, understanding and a deep sense of responsibility.

ILL health cannot remedy itself, although it often looks superficially to have done so. An apparent recovery is liable to produce a false sense of security and to provide a ready excuse for failure to obtain expert opinion. Two of the commonest everyday examples are infantile bronchitis accompanying teething and the miscalled "growing-pains."

Teething is a natural occurrence accompanied by nothing more alarming than a passing fretfulness. Repeated attacks of untreated bronchitis lead to chest weakness and may cause serious lung trouble in adult life. Fleeting limb pains have nothing to do with growing but are due to a chronic bacterial infection somewhere in the body, possibly in the throat. They are one of the many signs of "child rheumatism," a pernicious illness which can mask itself in the guise of undue fatigue, swollen joints, chronic tonsillitis or St. Vitus' Dance. Any one of these symptoms could disappear of its own accord but the cost may have to be reckoned later in the form of a serious heart disease.

The same underlying principle applies to the emotional disturbances of childhood as it does to the physical ones. The child who displays exhibitions of violent temper, who is dejected and morose, who develops habit spasms, nail-biting, bedwetting or any other temperamental failing often exhibits apparent improvement as he gets older. But because no attempt has been made to find out the fundamental cause of the disturbance the deep-seated reasons (*Continued on page* 67)

Simple To Trace Easy To Work

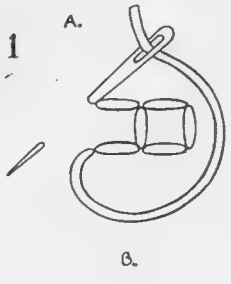


To make this embroidered table cloth, the materials required are a 45-in. hemstitched square in lime green and of Clark's "Anchor" stranded cotton, 7 skeins each of nigger brown (580) and white (work in 3 strands); 3 skeins of marigold (540) (work in 2 strands)

TRACE off the border design in straight lines (the turn of the corner is shown here), using the woven threads of the cloth as a guide to straightness. Trace off the inner border 4¼ in. away from the outer one. Trace off the stars (Fig. 4 in diagram 2) at intervals of 1⅞ in. in the centre.

Follow Diagram 2 and number key for placing of colours and stitches. The letters of the key indicate the stitches used and are: S=satin stitch; U=stem stitch; K=french knots; T=straight stitch; F=foursided stitch (see diagram 1).

Diagram 1



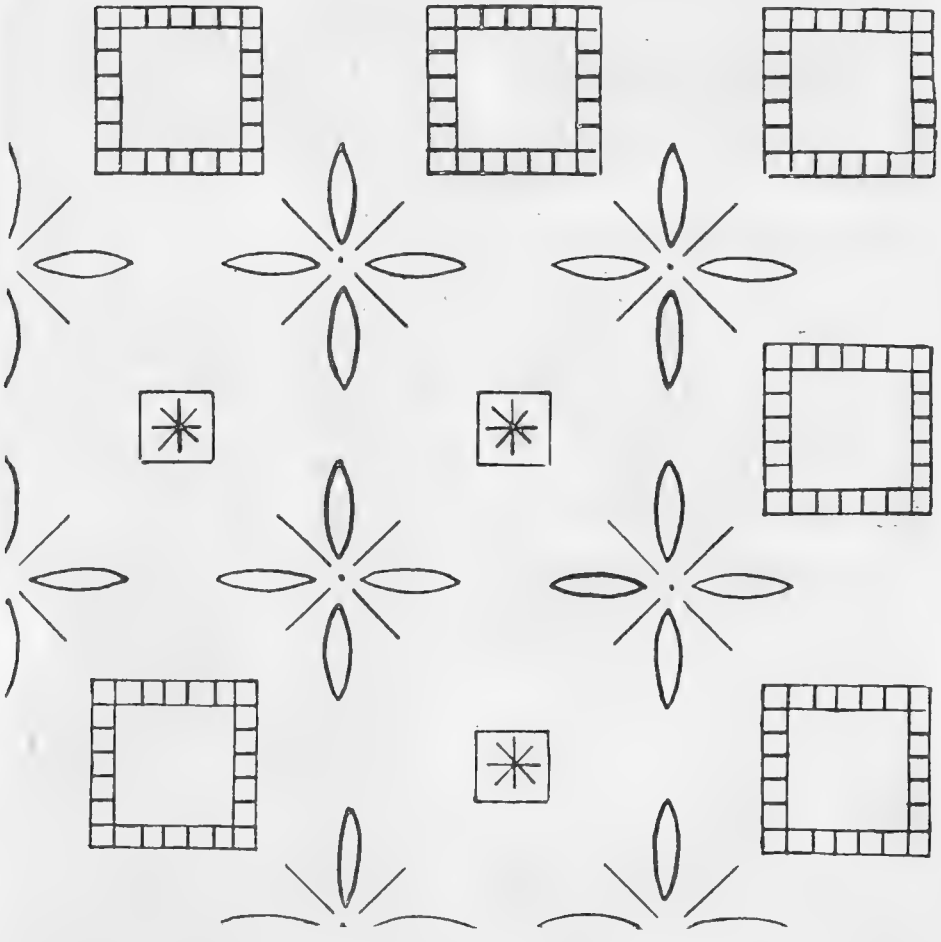
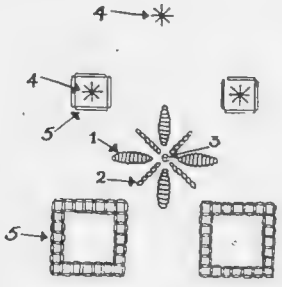


Diagram 2



Key

1 =	white	S
2 =	540	U
3 =	540	K
4 =	540	T
5 =	580	F

Eleventh Hour Tears (*Continued from page 12*)

Miss Penny," said Haverstock. "I'm sure no one ever thought you plain. In fact——"

"Yes?"

"It doesn't matter."

"Well, sometimes I like to think it isn't true myself," she admitted. "But both Lucy and Barbara keep telling me it is. Perhaps I am just unfortunate in having two such ravishing sisters."

"Well," he said thoughtfully, "you're different, that's all. Lucy and Barbara are gay—lively. Perhaps that's just a superficiality, after all. You're serener."

"That's very handsome of you indeed, Mr. Wellby. But you think so hardly of poor Lucy at the moment that you——"

"It isn't that. In fact——"

"Yes?"

"Never mind." He frowned in a puzzled way. When he had first met the sisters he had thought Penny the most attractive: he recalled this now, and was perplexed. What had happened to change his view?

"No," she said. "It was very kind of you. But after all facts speak for themselves. No one has ever suggested eloping with me."

"It would serve you right," he said, "if they did. It would serve you right if I galloped straight way up to Scotland, post haste, and dragged you up to that anvil, willy-nilly, no matter if they heard your screams in Edinburgh."

"Heaven forbid!"

"No one would think you plain then," he said.

"They'd think a great deal worse of me," she said. "And of you. Oh no, Mr. Wellby. I don't think elopements are much applauded if you start off with one lady (or very nearly start off with her) and finish up with another. Besides, you see, I *have* eloped, in a vicarious sort of way. I've had all the excitement, almost as if it had been mine, sitting there while we rattled along in the night. Next time I read a novel I shall be able to say: 'Ah yes! That's exactly how it was the night I ran away!'"

"Ah!" he said. "So you weren't asleep?"

"Well—not all the time. But look, here's Attebrigges. Leave me here at the lodge and I'll walk up. And thank you very much, but I won't elope to-day. It's much too soon for decency, like they said when old Colonel Hogarth married his second wife."

He handed her down. "How long are you staying?"

"A fortnight, I believe. Thank you, Mr. Wellby, and goodbye. Please don't look so miserable. Just be patient and next time never let Lucy know it's the eleventh hour until it's the twelfth, and make sure it isn't a Toxophilite day. It'll all come right in the end."

And then she walked thoughtfully up the gritty drive while the long dew-wet shadows of morning hung beneath the trees, listening to the rattle and scratch of the chaise carrying the disappointed lover to his breakfast at Petherton.

A FORTNIGHT later, when she was due to leave Attebrigges, the shadows beneath the trees were again wet; the air was full of a powdery rain.

Aunt Harriet never lent her coachman; and now she had done as she always did on such occasions. She had ordered one of those neat chaises with one of those very obliging drivers from the Crown at Petherton to take Penny home again.

Although it was raining, so very slightly, it was not cold and Penny before she took her seat in the vehicle was surprised to notice that the driver was wrapped up rather heavily in a driving cape, scarf, and broad brimmed hat pulled low over the face.

After they had gone a short distance, Penny said to the driver: "Dear me! I hope you're not ill?"

"Oh no, ma'am," the driver answered. "But I served ten year in the East Indey Comp'ny, d'ye see, and I bin mortal cold every minute since I come back, ma'am, and that's the truth of it, d'ye see."

"Oh. Then I suppose that—that moisture on your chin is what is known as a cold perspiration?"

"'Tis the rain, ma'am."

"Well, if you were to go the right way," she said, "the rain wouldn't drive into your face. You turned to the left when you came out of the drive and you should have turned to the right. Go back please, and turn round."

"Well, I know it *looks* wrong, ma'am," admitted the driver, not checking his horse, "but it ain't, though. 'Tis a special short cut by a roundabout route as is known to very few, ma'am—'twill save us half an hour."

"Short cuts," said Miss Penny, "*never* go by roundabout routes. And you can clearly not take any short cut to the south by going to the north. Turn round, please, at once."

The man laughed.

"I beg your pardon!" cried Miss Penny.

"It's no good," said Haverstock Wellby, unwinding the comforter from his neck. "I thought I could manage it for a few miles at least—but I couldn't keep my secret more than a hundred yards. You managed to keep yours all night."

"Mr. Wellby!" cried Penny. "Oh, surely you've forgiven me by now. But if you've come to drive me home, that's very kind of you and I shall enjoy it very much. Only, we shall really get there sooner if we turn round and drive the right way."

"Yes, Penny," he said, "I've come to drive you home."

But the mare trotted still steadily northward. Penny waited a little while and then said:

"We'd better turn round, hadn't we?"

"Do you think we had?" he asked, with a rather peculiar smile.

The mare still steadily stuck her nose northward.

"Mr. Wellby," she said, "you do know this is the wrong way, don't you? We're going north. This goes to Kerstone and Crowder Moor."

"And Scotland," he said.

"Why, yes, if you go far enough. And it—what do you mean?" she demanded.

"It's been a fortnight," he said. "That's not too soon for decency, as they said about Colonel Hogarth. It's as long as anybody could be expected to wait."

"But—*Mr. Wellby!*"

"I've been at the Crown at Petherton ever since I left you," he said. "That's how I was able to arrange to drive the chaise. Been doing some eleventh-hour thinking myself. So we're going north—if you'll come."

"But," she said, "I—I——"

"This is how it ought to have been all the time," he said. "How I meant it to be. But those glittering Toxopholite women—well, we started play-acting together and I forgot what I came for. That's all it was. That's why it couldn't become real—it was just drama. But I know now. I love you, Penny. And I can say it, just like that. I don't have to rack my brains to deck it out in high-sounding phrases any more. This isn't just part of a favourite novel. It's real. So we're going north. If you'll come."

The mare went on steadily over the dipping moorland road.

"Eleventh-hour tears!" he cried, for it was neither rain nor cold perspiration upon her cheeks.

"Oh!" she said, through her sobs, "but these—these are different."

And then, although they were at that moment running past the Crown at Petherton, they kissed—for the first time, except in parlour games—and a cluster of men about the inn door gave them a lusty cheer, and waved after them.

END

Queer Jobs In Freak Times (*Continued from page 15*)

rain last summer that the tourist trade suffered and threaten to deliver in the future a shower of 10,000 earthworms on New York for every shower delivered in the Catskills.

And to think of queer jobs, as these used to be rated only yesterday!

An article lists five, four of which I remember from Edwardian boyhood, while a fifth goes on, apparently, to this day. Here they are: linkmen with oil flares guiding Londoners through pea-soupers; runners from rail termini, behind four-wheelers and hansom cabs, on the chance of handling luggage at journey's end; the knocker-up going his rounds in the early morning rattling a bunch of wire against bedroom windows; the tail-boy, seated on the tail-board of horse vans in order to ward off would-be thieves and free-riders known as "fat's a running boys"; shellers of fresh peas for the big hotels and restaurants. The last alone survive round Covent Garden.

For their successors in the rarified field of to-day one would have to go to—the shop steward who sees that no one works more than is laid down, the Berlin spiv who peddles fake mementos of the Nazi leaders, dead and alive; the recruiter of "quality" fifth column material, the trouble-cashier—ah, now, there's a good one.

A trouble-cashier is the opposite of a trouble-shooter, or the fellow sent by governments and organizations to straighten out awkward or dangerous situations. Trouble-cashiers have come into their own in the cold or tepid war. They are skilled ideological hands, dispatched to where trouble is brewing, with the object of financing it in the proper Party direction. Lots of them are thought to be circulating, or held ready. In Italy they have a name for them: "*Agit-props.*"

Come to think of it, being an Existentialist is a queer occupation, any number of Paris students giving the cult almost as much attention as they pay to their studies. The most succinct description of Existentialism that I've come across was given by a young Rumanian when charged with shooting a fellow student at the Sorbonne: "The only person who has the right to judge me is myself. I will not tolerate interference from society in my private affairs." Good, old anarchy sounds comparatively mild beside that.

To turn to lighter fare, little Renee Martz stands for hot-gospelling in its latest manifestation. While Pa Martz plays a trombone from the pulpit and Ma Martz hits the ivories below, a composed little actress in ringlets sizes up her audience. Then for fifteen minutes "with practised, well-tutored platform skill, her voice strident but earnest, in an unhesitating stream of words little Renee preaches. Then she prays for those who want it so; and so to the collection.

"We call ourselves Interdenominationalists," says Pa. "We get nothing for this trip. The cost, £1,600, was met before we left the States." And so little Renee skips off to—Paris, Rome, Stockholm, Switzerland, Germany, Belgium. And she's done it before and before.

Yet another queer occupation was stressed when an Indian gentleman placed a box in the luggage rack on the Orient Express—or, rather, when the box fell and burst open on the floor of the compartment. Out of it hopped 300 performing fleas and the Indian gentleman had the carriage to himself for the rest of the journey, he and his talented troupe on an otherwise packed train. A score or so of jumping fleas have been known at French fairs for a long time past, but this was the first time fleas had been known to hop over frontiers, as it were, and well booked ahead, at that.

From fleas to . . . do you know what is reckoned the current curse of the French Riviera? Ants. Teeny, (*Continued on page 58*)

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weeny, almost invisible ants from the Argentine. They arrived five years ago, and now they march all day up and down walls and across the parquet-ist floors. Their numbers in one town—say Menton—would stagger all the Einsteins. Their egg-laying is such that special anti-ant men now circulate, placing dollops of a sugary, arsenical substance at strategic points.

Whoever thought of selling secrets for a living—but by the thousand? Well, that's the discovery of New York's Earl Blackwell who claims to have made £200,000 selling other people's secrets. It's quite simple. All he does is to ferret out ex-directory telephone numbers, bolt-holes and love-nests, secret addresses of any kind, for sale to newspapers and magazines, advertising agencies, radio shows, theatrical organizations, Hollywood agents, and private individuals. "Anybody who wants to locate any celebrity who isn't get-at-able comes to Celebrities Service Inc." says Earl.

The other end of the broomstick is clasped by a second American who operates from Paris Meet Orlando, "Galloping Guido" to his friends. Orlando has squeezed the ultimate out of unabashed, enthusiastic friendliness when accosting prominent persons who haven't the privilege of his acquaintance. Beamingly he storms them. In this way he says he has come to know everybody who is anybody and this helps him vastly in his job of "international public relations counsellor." Orlando says everyone has a gnawing want—to get their names in the papers—and he's the one to soothe it. But you gotta think up *the* very strangest tricks and devices to guarantee results every time.

Orlando says he has one open sesame: never to have a light. It is the surest of all ways to start up a conversation and hook yet another personage.

Meanwhile, outside on the Paris streets, a queer kind of job has come to an end. The street photographer. Many tourists miss him, want his cheery snapping back. Others do not. Who knows what use a fellow may make of one's photograph? He may be on the level, then again he may not. What a chance for extortion, blackmail even! What easier than to arrange for a girl accomplice to sidle into the picture of a lone male stroller, and then to threaten to send the picture to the stroller's wife? That's only one use that can be made of the sneak snap.

Prize for the year's most original gangster job goes to two Paris mechanics who operated on motor cycles. One would halt by a woman and ask her the way. While she was talking, the other applied two contacts connected to his cycle's sparking system to

Queer Jobs In Freak Times

the lady's leg. The idea was that she then jumped and dropped her handbag. Some did and some did not. Those in the latter category shrieked and clasped their handbags more tightly, as is often the case with shock. The shrieks eventually won the day for law and order.

Prize for the year's queerest legitimate job goes to German artists designing the perfect transparent man as a mate for "Lumena," the model transparent woman shown at Olympia last summer. The only woman men can see through cost £6,000 to make. Six and a quarter miles of wire, representing nerves and blood-vessels, went into her making. In addition, the voice of a Miss Margaret Flannery was fitted, for "Lumena" speaks when spoken to. Her mate is to cost rather more but will show exactly what happens inside him almost all of the time.

Prize for the year, all categories, goes to fifty-nine year old Leonard Guibert, of Valence. For four years Leonard directed a non-existent union of gravediggers, making an average of £600 a year. He received subscriptions from about 1,000 gravediggers and enrolled them for life insurance, deducting a bonus for each member.

END

I Walked And Talked With Robert Louis Stevenson

(*Continued from page* 16)

Island, which had been published about two years before.

I saw him out driving several times, but I heard he only ventured out on fine days.

It was not until he had been in Bournemouth some time that he moved in to "Skerryvore," and later in the year I heard that he often, in very fine weather, walked on the cliff close to his house, and stood looking out over the sea.

Boy like, I made up my mind to "stalk" him, and if lucky, tell him the great pleasure I had enjoyed in reading *Treasure Island*, which, indeed, I had read twice.

On a late May morning, which was fine and warm, I went along to the part of the cliff he was said to frequent.

No luck, not a glimpse of him rewarded my enterprise. I failed on several more occasions. And then, on one sunny and warm afternoon I caught sight of a figure standing not far from the edge of the cliff near his home.

I summoned up my courage—which I was afterwards told by some of my friends was "awful cheek"—and approached him. He could not be mistaken, for he was dressed in his Inverness cape, and wore a hat which in those days was known as a "slouch" one. This did not hide his noticeable long hair of which I had heard.

After a minute or two he turned from looking out seaward, and came slowly towards me; and reaching me noticed me and gave me a gentle, almost inviting smile, which later I got to know so well, and that put courage in me.

As he was about to pass on I ventured to ask: "Are you Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson?"

After a moment's pause he replied: "Yes, I am."

And the smile broadened. "What do you want of me?"

"I only wanted to tell you, sir, how much I enjoyed reading *Treasure Island*. It is ripping, and I have read it twice."

"I am glad that it pleased you. It is naught but a lad's yarn."

Some time later, he told me how the book came to be written, or to come into his mind on one wet afternoon, when he was amusing another boy.

I met him several times afterwards on the cliff, and we talked together. And one day he said: "You must come and see me in my home."

I could scarcely trust my own ears.

It was on one of his short walks. He was not able to walk very far. Some of my readers may remember that he was an invalid, and that he himself described his life as being "like a weevil in a biscuit."

One day I learned why he was so fond of walking on the cliff.

He said: "I like the view; it is so lovely across the bay to those green and grey hills of Purbeck. Something, indeed, like the hills in parts of my own country. And then there is heather in places underfoot."

In after years, I was destined to go fishing in the Sound of Kerrera near Oban, and the memory of Stevenson and his favourite view at Bournemouth came back to me.

I was privileged to see him several times in his home at "Skerryvore," and we talked about Scotland and his books, and sometimes of the writing of them.

I was just about then wondering whether I might not, perhaps, become an author, which I did only a few years later.

He told me writing was toilsome work, and one remembers how meticulously he often rewrote and revised his own work. He did not however, say to me, as did Thomas Hardy, another friend of mine, said to Hugh Walpole, then an aspirant, who had confessed to him that he hoped to become a novelist: "Don't, it is a dreadful business."

On my visits to "Skerryvore," I had several talks with Stevenson. He possessed a magnetic attraction, and a personality to the charm of which most people must have surrendered.

The house was not a large one, but rather picturesque in its setting and conveniently planned. On my first visit I was shown into a small room on the right of the hall on the ground floor. This was sometimes used by him as his study, so as to save him going up and down stairs to his library.

One room was particularly charming, containing some good pictures, and a good deal of blue and white china, which Stevenson prized.

I recall that he remarked one day that the room was "so beautiful that it is like eating to sit in it, and no other room is so lovely in the world."

I pondered over this statement, and came to the conclusion, as he was by no means a boastful man, that he may have dreamed many dreams in it, of characters, which he may have used afterwards in his books; of places, and of stories to be, and have spent many happy hours in it, and perhaps his high praise had its origin in these things.

There was a wonderful full-length portrait of him in the dining-room. It was by John Singer Sargent, the American artist, who came to England and lived here forty years. The picture showed Stevenson as though he were striding across the room, dressed in his well-known velvet coat, and engaged in twisting his moustache.

On one memorable afternoon, when I had called to see him, I was shown into the little room I have already described, and Mrs. Stevenson came after a few minutes, and said: "Louis is resting as he is rather tired. But he would not disappoint you, and will come down soon."

How like the man that he was!

I had been waiting some little time, and was sitting where I could see through the open door into the hall across to the staircase. I heard a faint rustling, and glanced up. What I saw I shall never forget. It was, indeed, an unexpected sight. I saw Mrs. Stevenson coming downstairs with R. L. S. in her arms, just as she would have carried a baby, with his long hair falling over her right arm. So frail and light was he at that time.

She came into the room and placed him on a sofa, saying: "Louis has not been very well to-day, so he must not talk long."

When she had left the room we chatted for a little while about, I fancy, books and the weather, which was then beautiful. And he told me he was at work on a new book. I am not sure, but I fancy it was one which he dedicated to Dr. Thomas Bodley Scott, his medical man and friend while he was at Bournemouth.

Then, after about a quarter of an hour or so Mrs. Stevenson returned, and said: "Louis, you must not tire yourself."

He rose from the sofa, and, with a little rebellious smile flickering at the corners of his mouth, shook hands with me.

They left Bournemouth not long afterwards; went to London for a couple of days, and two days later on August 22, 1887, Robert Louis Stevenson, his wife, his stepson, Lloyd Osbourne, his mother Mrs. Thomas Stevenson and their faithful maid, Valentine Roch, sailed in the S.S. *Ludgate Hill* for New York. Eventually settling in Samoa, where Stevenson had purchased land, and built a bungalow, which he named "Vailima," 600 feet above the harbour of Apia, on a plateau surrounded by thick woods.

Now he rests under a great tomb on the summit of Mount Vaea, borne to the solitary spot chosen by his native friends, over whom he might have reigned, so highly did they come to esteem him. On the grey stone tomb is inscribed the requiem written by himself

"Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie."

END

The Civilized Eskimo

(*Continued from page 25*)

civilization sufficiently to apply to the Supreme Court in Alberta for a legal severance of her marriage ties. The natives of Herschel play whist. Inveterate gamblers not above placing their dogs, traps and wives on the result of a hand, they sit on upturned boxes, cutting and dealing with the adroitness of practised players. The game was introduced to Herschel by whalermen many years ago, and one awaits newspaper stories saying that the Herschel Eskimos have graduated to Contract.

In 1949 the radio station at Aklavik began a series of educational programmes for Indian and Eskimo children. We have yet to hear that an Eskimo has taken legal action against a neighbour for knob-fiddling after eleven *pip emma*, but at the time of introducing the above mentioned educational programmes the appropriate State Department said that the majority of Indian and Eskimo families in the settlements of the North-West Territories owned radio sets.

It is difficult to make the Eskimo understand that the white man in his own land lives on the produce of the earth. A hunter, it is beyond his comprehension that man could live by any means other than that of the rifle and the trap. But he may well be capable of taking his radio set or his gramophone to pieces and re-assembling it.

The Eskimo is a born mechanic. When during the last war United States Army engineers threw out an outboard motor-boat as beyond repair, a local Eskimo, Niglotook, took it to pieces, and carved new parts from the tusks of a walrus. "If the engine works I'll take it down again and replace the new ivory parts with metal," he said. The G.I.s nodded encouragingly. But the outboard worked quite satisfactorily. Niglotook made another set of parts from scrap iron, and three years later the outboard was still working.

The Eskimo, or as he calls himself, the *Inuit* (the People) arrived in Greenland, Alaska and Arctic Canada from Asia. Archaeological evidence is that they crossed the Bering Straits from Siberia at least two thousand years ago. There can be little doubt that they came from the same stock. For one thing the *Inuit* show a surprising uniformity in language and customs. This is all the more remarkable when one remembers that all the Eskimos in the American North could be accommodated at Harringay and yet leave room for forty thousand sports fans; further that the settlements of western Alaska are separated from those of Greenland by some six thousand miles of territory straddled by natural obstacles of a nature calculated to cause the development of an original stock into several groups, racially allied, but possessing marked differences, at least in custom and tongue.

At any rate, he made himself at home in the territory of his adoption, ultimately spreading along its coast to its furthest corners. He knows the value of circular saws, aircraft and dehydrated foods. But beneath the veneer he remains, as Frobisher found him, a likeable, honest, jocular philosopher, with an immense capacity for fun.

He knows no greater insult than to be called a *Shagloo*—a liar. The Polar Eskimos of Thule have come into close contact with civilization, but lying, murder and theft remain almost unknown among them. They seldom quarrel or fight among themselves. Far from feeling inferior to the white man, they are amused by his highly-strung ways, and cannot understand why we "fight each other." They have no word for war. A man's first duty is to aid his neighbour, and to care for his family.

The Eskimo is a magnificent parent. He tries to spare his child suffering and disappointment, for he thinks disillusionment comes soon enough. He cannot understand our notion of forcing a child to become more intelligent or agile than his companions, for he holds that if the stock is good the child is sure to turn out well. Thus the lazy boy is not forced to hunt. Asked why this should be in a land where to live means to hunt, and one is told: "When the child feels like it he will grow into a great hunter." He holds that the children of fundamentally good parents are certain to grow into a fundamentally good people. Therefore there is no need to correct a child. The white man's child who is not corrected tends to become headstrong and unruly. This is not the case with the Eskimo child. Surrounded with love from his earliest days he develops a deep respect for his parents, and an understanding that the maintenance of family life is all-important.

Most Eskimo are monogamous. They are also of a practical disposition. Where a husband dies and leaves a wife and family, a conference takes place at which it is decided that So-and-So is a good hunter and is, therefore, suited to shoulder the dead man's responsibilities. Thus, without even being consulted, So-and-So acquires a second wife.

On long sledge journeys it may be necessary for a man to be accompanied by a woman to cook for him, mend his clothing and prepare the pelts of the animals he traps. Should he be a bachelor or widower his neighbour or a friend will lend him a member of his family, and should a child result from the temporary union its support is a matter for the woman's husband or for the community.

No less practical are the Eskimo's views on infanticide (where a woman gives birth on a long hunting trip it may be necessary to abandon the infant, on the argument that to keep it will encroach on the search for seal, musk ox, caribou or polar bear, thereby possibly subjecting the whole family to hunger) and on patricide and matricide.

An interesting case of matricide occurred in 1948, at the Eskimo village of Eelounaling, on Boothia Peninsula, and the R.C.M.P.—to impress on the Eskimo that practical murder and mercy-killing are forbidden—arrested and tried two young hunters involved, Eeriykoot and Ishakak. Eeriykoot was sentenced to one year, and because there is no jail at Cambridge Bay (*Continued on page 60*)

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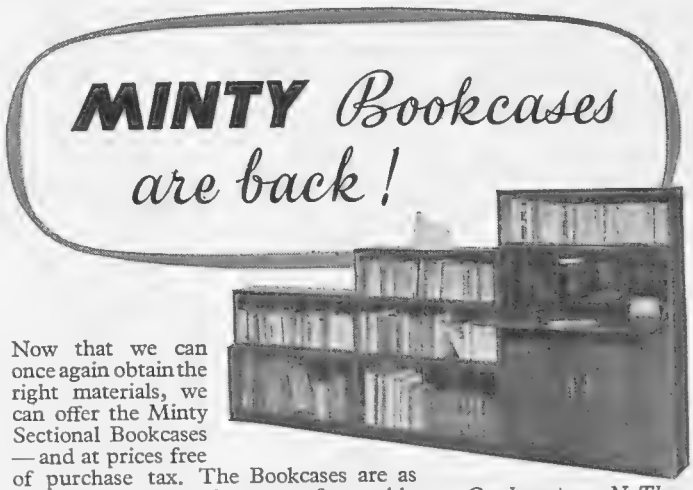

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the prisoner spent his sentence working at the R.C.M.P. post as a handyman. Thus, if the white man has introduced his laws into the territory of the Eskimo, he yet shows an ability to adapt his administration to their needs.

It was inevitable that the white man's arrival in the Arctic would have a marked effect on Eskimo and Indian.

Tinned foods from the trader's store or the mission has on many occasions staved off starvation when hunting has been poor. Starvation among the Padlemuit Eskimo of northern Canada was staved off last winter by an airlift. On the other hand there can be no doubt that the white man's food has tended to undermine the Eskimo's constitution, weakened his resistance to the ailments of civilization. The outbreak of polio among Hudson Bay Eskimos in 1950 coincided with a shortage of the staple diet—caribou meat. According to Dr. Arthur Burt, this, the first epidemic of poliomyelitis in the Northlands, was linked with the shortage of caribou. Canned goods staved off hunger, but when an Eskimo hunter caught the polio virus at Churchill, the disease quickly spread northwards to Chesterfield Inlet, so that quarantine had to be enforced over an area of forty thousand square miles.

The impact made by the rifle on a hunter whose weapons were primitive can be imagined. Here in his hands was a weapon that killed from great distances. To secure it needed no more effort than to promise to hand over an agreed number of furs. He saw in this new weapon a means of killing many more animals than before, and readily he agreed to the trader's proposition. And proudly he went off with his new purchase—embarked upon a life almost certain to keep him in debt for the rest of his days.

Following the rifle and iron saucepans, the trader introduced the Eskimo to manufactured clothes, flour, tea, coffee, tobacco, canned goods. In 1950 the list was extended to include powdered egg. Left with considerable quantities of dehydrated egg in stock, the authorities decided to foist this tit-bit of civilization off as part of the Eskimos' family allowance. No doubt the former were doubtful of the result, and the natives distrustful of the new commodity. But the Eskimo found that egg powder could be used to make bannocks, and the demand soon exceeded the supply. Offered in exchange for more furs, the ever-increasing list of commodities available at the local trading post made the native more and yet more dependent on the white man, and he found himself working harder to purchase goods none of which were necessary to his well-being prior to the arrival of the white man in his land.

The story told by Klengenberg illustrates the way the Eskimo trapper came to be in debt to the white trader. Klengenberg was the first white man to trade with the Copper Eskimos of Coronation Gulf and Victoria Island, arriving in their country by sea in 1905, and, not unnaturally, they were fascinated by the fine steel knives, iron saucepans and boxes of matches which he carried ashore from his ship. Klengenberg exchanged his wares for a valuable collection of pelts, which included the clothes from the backs of his clients. When he made a move to return to his ship the chief of the Copper Eskimos asked him to return with more trade-goods: "Next time," he said, "I'll see you get all the furs you want without stripping our trousers from our legs."

Klengenberg was a free-trader, that is, he was not employed by a trading company. But by 1925 there was hardly a Copper Eskimo who did not own a rifle and buy canned food from the local store, and who had not at one time or other been in debt to the trader.

The credit system is pernicious. The native trapper tells himself that he will soon be able to pay off his debt on traps, ammunition, and his other purchases. Perhaps the trapping is good and he finds himself with a credit balance at the store. But perhaps the trapping proves bad, possibly to the extent that he must ask for further credit to finance another season's work. A succession of bad seasons can place him in the trader's hands to the extent where he cannot hope to extricate himself.

This state of affairs is not necessarily brought about by the trader. The trapper wagers that he will secure sufficient furs from his winter's work to repay the price of the knicknacks he buys, and the trader offers credit against the promise to pay in furs. It is a normal business deal.

The advent of firearms in the Arctic resulted in over-hunting. In some regions the caribou was almost wiped out, and the herds that survived became wary or changed their migration routes. Unable to provide for himself adequately, the Eskimo is forced to buy from the store, thereby possibly increasing his debt. Furthermore his rifle does not safeguard him against the financial depressions of the civilized world. The depression of the early thirties hit the Eskimo and Northern Indians severely, for it affected the fur market. Unhappily for the native trappers in some parts it coincided with a sudden reduction in the number of foxes; credit was bad and they found themselves unable to afford goods which they had come to consider as essentials.

Should an atomic war bring our civilization tumbling down the Eskimo would find himself in a sorry plight. The hunter who now relies on a rifle would need to return to the art of the bow-and-arrow. Because he has created such havoc among seal and caribou with his rifle there is often insufficient game to sustain him, and there would be no canned foods to bridge the gap. The Eskimo with an outboard motor-boat would be thrown back on boats of skin. And no doubt he would be a better man for his break with civilization! Certainly he would very quickly revert to his old ways and his old beliefs. And his fundamental belief is that war is not necessary. "All a man needs is a wife and a full stomach," he says. "What is there for man to fight each other?"

END

The Bottle Of Medicine Mentality

(*Continued from page 28*)

reference book for every prescription and medicine he will need in his practice.

The *National Formulary* is the responsibility of a permanent body called the Joint Formulary Committee, which is made up of representatives of the British Medical Association, the Royal College of Physicians, the Ministry of Health, the Pharmaceutical Society, the Insurance Acts Committee, the Admiralty, the War Office, and the Air Ministry. The B.P.C. contains all those prescriptions that have been a medical standby for years, and have been tried and tested by thousands of doctors and tens of thousands of patients.

To create the *National Formulary*, a number of the most distinguished authorities in the country extracted the cream from the store of wisdom in the B.P.C. and brought it right up to date, in the light of the latest advances in medical science. Furthermore, the Committee is a standing one, and has these prescriptions constantly under review, issuing frequent amendments and addenda to the original 120-page volume.

I know that almost every day someone brings out a new and better drug, and every week a fresh and improved theory about the treatment of disease. But it seems to me that when a prescription has produced good results in millions of cases over a long period of years, it is fairly convincing evidence that the prescription is a good one, and well suited to relieve the disease for which it is given.

But the doctor can do even better than this. In the *National Formulary*, he is not limited to the cheap drugs. Any medicine, no matter what its cost may be, can be prescribed under the National Health Service, if it is considered necessary. In addition, the doctor can make variations in the standard prescriptions, using his experience and his special knowledge of a patient's idiosyncrasies to increase or reduce the proportion of any particular drugs, so as to make the medicine ideally suited to that particular case.

When I write out certain prescriptions, I know with as much certainty as anything can be known in this uncertain world of ours, that on my next visit the patient will be much improved and, of his own free will, say how much the medicine has helped him. A doctor is not a miracle-worker, and I claim that if he can produce results like that he can view his work with some measure of quiet self-satisfaction.

There are, however, the hundreds of cases in which a doctor deliberately writes out a prescription, knowing it to be useless. He does this because he knows the correct prescription is outside the bounds of possibility.

Mrs. Jones is exhausted and irritable. She is only thirty, but looks nearer forty. In spite of going to bed dead tired she sleeps badly and wakes early. She is undernourished, and has so little reserve strength that if she is unlucky enough to catch a serious infection it will probably kill her. She asks pathetically "Can you give me a tonic, doctor?"

I know her three small children are bonny, well-dressed and well cared for. I know her husband earns five or six pounds a week. I know Mrs. Jones works all hours of the day and night, cooking, cleaning, washing, mending, and being guardian angel to those high-spirited youngsters. Can I advise her to engage a domestic servant to help her with her housework; to take a month's holiday by the sea; to eat plenty of eggs and butter, and have a good thick steak daily, instead of giving most of her meagre rations to her husband and children? That is the prescription she needs, but instead I give her a bottle of "tonic."

Miss Brown has incessant headaches and severe indigestion. I know her parents quarrel violently; that Miss Brown is engaged to a worthless young rascal who demands everything from her but gets shy and evasive when the subject of marriage crops up. Can I prescribe a happy home and the honest love of a decent man? The answer is that I give her a sedative for her nerves and hope that the other symptoms will diminish when she worries less.

The bad colds that should be treated with a few days in bed; the anxieties and frustrations that will inevitably lead to gastric ulcers; the dismal condition of feeling thoroughly ill, and yet having nothing specifically wrong (almost certainly psychological in origin)—all these and scores of other ailments get the inevitable bottle of medicine because the poor victims have neither the time nor the money for the correct cure. There is work that *must* be done, and there is no one else to do it. Does not that bottle of medicine put just a little more vigour into the tired body?

Sometimes I think medicine is the most tragic profession in the world. To know all the things one would like to do for one's patients, and be faced with the grim reality of the little one can do—that is hard to bear.

On the other hand, over a period of years one sees the chronic invalid fighting back to health; the querulant neurotic getting to grips with life; the children growing up stronger and healthier than their parents and giving their weary mother a restful middle age. One sees that, in the aggregate, there are more winners than losers in the battle of life. And who dare say that the bottle of medicine has not played a worthy part in winning the battle?

END

Truth For Happiness

(*Continued from page 26*)

"No, I do not."

"You do. You know very well that I cannot do what you want."

"Yes, you can."

"No, I can't, my little cry baby."

"I am not crying," she said and lifted an unhappy little face to be kissed, a face wet with tears and smeared with eyelash make-up. A. C. Galloway took out his handkerchief and tenderly performed a husband's first duty; gently wiping tears from a beloved face. Women are all alike. When they cannot get what they want, they try to bump their little heads against solid walls. "You say yourself I am a great actress. . . ."

"I am convinced of that."

"That means I can play any part."

"No, it does not. Even the greatest actress must have some kind of a previous emotional experience of the character she is to portray."

"I am even good at playing maids, am I not?"

"Yes, you are." He had seen her as a maid fifteen years ago, a lovely little chambermaid.

"I can play a maid and say 'tea is served, madam' very nicely."

"Of course."

"And I do not have any previous emotional experience with trays."

"That is not so. You have an equivalent for that. Any woman has a faint recollection of the civilized time when your sex was the servant of the man."

"I could have guessed you would say that. But I make a good queen, do I not?"

Yes, Hela was a good queen. Last year she had toured America, portraying one of England's recent queens, and she had been superb. He had no other word for her performance. Besides, they had been so continually successful with the show, that some picture stars had felt inclined to turn envious eyes toward a stage career. You could make pots of money portraying a good queen.

"I have, as far as I can recollect, no emotional experience at queening."

He felt inclined to wisecrack about that, but he checked the urge and merely asked her if she tried to be funny?

"No, I am very serious."

"So am I when I do not give you that part. Do you not understand? There is a difference. Do you not feel it? You are usually more imaginative. This Cristal is hard-boiled. You know very well you are not the type to play her. You would give her a heart when she must not have one. You would give her your warmth, your generosity, and worst of all, your logic. While she is the portrait of a modern woman, do you not see, one of those creatures, who would trade her soul, if she had one. If you can't understand, consider your public at least. Everybody knows how happily married we are. If I allowed you to play a hussy, they would feel I had let you down."

"The happiness of our married life is to my credit, exclusively, do not forget that."

"You have been perfect, darling, that is quite true. But do you not think I am partly responsible, too? It has been easy for me, I admit that. Never for a single moment do I forget how lucky I am to have such a good wife. Faithful, loyal, breathtakingly beautiful. And your admirable talent. I would do anything for you, anything at all."

"Give me Cristal."

"I have never kissed anybody but you, I would not think of it."

"I would not think of it, either."

"And that fact is more than you understand the reason why you must not play Cristal. This Cristal, married to a man who adores her. She lies to him. She has a lover. Now I know that the world nowadays does not altogether reject a woman who has a lover. And sometimes, especially on the stage, it may even add to her charms. I had no objection to your playing the unfaithful wife in the Bernstein play. She had a lover, too, but that was altogether different. She was really in love with her lover and wanted to divorce her husband for him. She was honest about it. She stood up and said 'I love someone else'."

Hela Terhuin stood up. She crossed to the table and smelled the yellow orchids again. Then she said, without turning her face, but clearly and distinctly: "I love someone else. I love him more than I ever did you. I haven't told you so because I was afraid to hurt you, but now I feel I have a reason to tell you about it. I love someone else. For two years. I am his mistress."

"Magnificent," said Mr. Galloway, "well spoken. But by your leave, madam, I see through it. I am your best audience, in fact, but this is not convincing. You lie badly. You always do. And that's why it is impossible for you to play Cristal, this lying little cheat. Nobody would believe you."

"Yes they would believe me. A good actress can make them believe everything. They did not doubt that I could steal in *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*."

"But you can steal, can't you? I remember a certain gold pencil which I cherished very much."

"That is not stealing, not with husband and wife, that is borrowing. Anyway, I only took it because I liked it."

"That's what thieves say always. And all this is beside the point."

There was a knock at the door. "Come in," said the mistress of the Galloway penthouse.

A maid, complete in uniform and cap, entered. She spoke sullenly, while looking sideways out of the window and fidgeting: "Dinner is served, madam."

When they sat down and had their soup, Hela observed, dreamily: "She would be rotten."

(*Continued on page 62*)

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The WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

"Who, my dear?"

"Rotten is the word. Celestine, I mean."

"As what, as Cristal?"

"No, as a maid. She has no idea how to say, 'dinner is served'."

"Well, there is a difference between real life, my angel, and the stage. Celestine is quite all right here in our little circle. We are even amused when she fidgets. But as for acting the part——"

"Noël Coward would have his maids fidgeting."

"Maybe Celestine would be good enough for this, ahem, playwright, but anyway, Celestine has no ambition to play maids on the stage."

"She has, too. I have met only two girls of all the people I know who do not want to go on the stage. One is dead and the other is absorbed with her psychoanalyst."

"My darling."

Celestine had changed the plates and brought the entrée. While she placed the dishes, she whistled softly. When she had gone out, Galloway opened the champagne with the ceremony he affected on these occasions and offered a toast: "To my beloved wife, the most wonderful woman I know." He emptied his glass.

"To the most forgiving husband in the world." she sipped.

"Why that? What is there to be forgiven?"

"My lover. I mean I have a lover and I told you so and you did not beat me."

"Angel, I forgive you for this lie. You never had a lover, you could not have one, you could never deceive me. You know that and I know that. It is sufficient."

"I could play Crystal very well. I have lied to you for years. And now you won't believe me when I tell you the truth."

"Aren't you getting rather involved, my sweet? You want that part because you lie so well and you want it because you tell the truth. You want it because the sky is blue and because the world goes round."

"I want it because Cristal is a real woman."

"No, she is a tart, and I have a headache."

The genial smile had left his face. Absurd, these women. Even the best sometimes behave like fools. He knew his wife was faithful and good and very intelligent. But now she simply refused to listen to reason.

Later, when they had coffee in her black and green boudoir, he asked: "What shall we do to-night? After all, we have to celebrate. Let's forget *Truth for Happiness*. Maybe I won't produce it at all. The Guild wanted the play badly enough." He did not mean that. His heart was set on the play, nothing would make him give up, even if that meant utter unhappiness for her.

If only I could convince him, she thought. He had his principles. Every producer on Broadway would welcome her with open arms and let her choose her parts. But leave her husband for another theatre, impossible. Galloway had given her the first chance. He had discovered her and believed in her through all the years. She knew, at heart, that he was not always right in believing her to be the most loyal and the most thoroughly ethical woman, but she was thankful for his illusions and did not want to destroy them.

"Say something. Do not sit there gaping at the fire like Antigone."

"Antigone never stared into an eighteenth-century fireplace." The fireplace. Black marble. Another of his anniversary gifts for her.

"Now say darling, what would you like to do? A show? Dance? There is a new Mickey Mouse on Times Square. Harlem for a change? Oh, by the way, Lee Leland told me he would be at 21 later. We could join him and talk things over. I hope to get him. He is exactly the type for Crystal's lover. Young man about town, falling in and out of love, butterfly fashion. Good-looking, but sleek, rather the gigolo, but attractive, no doubt, attractive."

Hela had blushed. Her wedding day, after all. To pass that at 21 in the company of a man who was to seduce Cristal in *Truth for Happiness*. Lovely, cheating Cristal, a cheap and pretty little girl, not great or noble, a Cristal who was not to be played by her, Hela Terhuin, America's greatest actress. "I want to be alone," said Hela, very much in the manner of another great actress.

Galloway was annoyed but, according to his principles, he did not show it. "All right," he said, "I'll go to the club. Maybe later to 21. I hope you will be comfortable. Try to think of what you want as a gift."

He kissed her goodbye and went out. She listened to the familiar bang of the front door and to the whizzing of the elevator. Then, she dialled a number.

"He's gone. Listen, sweet." She spoke softly into the receiver with the same lovely voice she used in love scenes, the famous tender voice that enchanted her audience in every city of the states. "Come now—I know about that appointment. But that is for later, isn't it?"

She had to go and open the door herself. It was Celestine's evening off and that was perhaps for the better. Even a maid with ambitions and no chance to go on the stage would be astonished seeing her mistress kissing a strange young gentleman instead of greeting him "how do you do?" The gentleman in question was well built and better dressed. There was no clue as to his education, all gentlemen behave alike when kissed; they kiss back.

She called him "handsome" and he called her "wonderful." She told him how much she liked to be in his arms and he assured her how much he liked to hold her there. They talked about their love and about how successful they had been together in recent plays. They said they did not mind what the critics said, but, like all successful actors, they meant the contrary. They were tender and they quarrelled a bit, they were casual at times and then emphatic—two characters in a love scene.

"He thinks you are a bad man," she said.

"But he thinks I am a good actor," he replied, "and that is more important."

"Not to me," she breathed, her famous jewelless hands on his hair directly behind his ears.

They kissed. They did not hear the turning of the key, nor the opening of the front door, nor the quiet and assured steps down the hall.

"I love you," he said.

"I love you," said she.

They kissed again.

"Bravo. Excellent," said the voice of a husband. Hela Terhuin's discoverer had entered the room. He did not smile, he laughed. "Extremely well done," he said. "And what is more, even very well staged. The husband out in his club—the dim lights—the fireplace—and no cocktail glasses—the real thing. Very convincing."

"I do not know what to say," Lee Leland said feebly.

"Oh don't bother, there is no need to," Mr. Galloway said kindly. "They never say much in these situations. Thanks a lot for your being so kind and helpful to Hela; you both did very well, and if you forgive me, Hela was still better than you. Maybe I am partial, but the way her face looked, as if she had forgotten herself and the whole world, was superb. You were perhaps a trifle too sophisticated, as if you were enjoying yourself more than being serious about it. But that does not matter, there are five weeks until the dress rehearsal of *Truth for Happiness*."

Hela got up and stood very near her husband, but she did not look at him when she said slowly: "I am not so sure any more. I do not understand why I wanted that Cristal part so badly. Maybe I can't do it after all."

"Yes, you can, pet," said her husband. "You are a great actress."

END

Still Living In The Stone Age

(*Continued from page* 20)

drew nearer we saw it was cleft down the middle from top to bottom. Through this fissure led a gorge so narrow that there was barely room for us to drive our lorries through one by one. Walls rose sheer 300 feet on either side.

After several hundred yards the defile opened to disclose a small green, crescent-shaped oasis, with a purple lake in the heart of it. Date palms stretched their huge fronds over the dead-calm water. At the sound of our engines, natives who were neither black nor brown, with features that seemed to cross the Arab with the African, rushed out of mud huts, but when we alighted they all ran back again. Eventually we coaxed some of them out. Though perhaps 200 miles from civilization, the place was relatively close to it by modern standards, yet these people spoke what seemed to us a dead tongue. By signs we gathered that none had ever wandered far from their rock-hidden settlement. Indeed there was little point in their doing so, since the place was quite literally lost in the desert, and certainly we were the first outsiders ever to have found it.

A man who escaped from the Japanese in Burma after the monsoon, described to the writer his make-away through the heavily-jungled Naga country where, if one stands still, a green mould creeps up over the boots so quickly as to be seen growing. The escapee trekked for days through these conditions before finding any sign of human life. Then he came upon a colony of savages who were not only incredibly primitive, but had, it seemed, all been born armless; their feet and toes filled the roles of arms and fingers.

Another region of forgotten souls is an unmapped area of the Northern Territory of Australia, where aborigines still wander through the jungles and over the parched plains, living the primitive lives of their earliest sires. Australian territory extends to New Guinea, where a strange tribe of mountain pygmies has been found whose existence had been suspected, but no explorer had found them. Several African pygmy tribes are known; they live in kennel-like huts made from tree branches, and lack even a rudimentary culture, though they are efficient and fearless hunters. The New Guinea discoveries seem to be even smaller and simpler than their African prototypes; their maximum height is thirty-eight inches, and they wear loin coverings made, not from cloth or rushes, but from the bark of trees.

Although these strange worlds may in due time become the settlements of near-future generations of the rapidly encroaching civilized races, it is conceivable that the aboriginal natives will pack up, move a day or two's journey away, and continue to live the lives of their ancestors. Doubtless there will, however, be some striking exceptions among individual members of the tribes who move on. Somewhere in the Paraguay jungle is a tribe which is thought to be living so very exactly as did its forefathers, that G. A. Vellard, Professor of Biology at Lima University (Peru) was moved to go and look for it.

After a long search Vellard and his companions came upon an encampment which he had good reason to think belonged to the tribe he was after. The campers had fled, in their haste leaving behind a two-year-old girl. Reluctant to return without some living evidence of his discovery, Vellard took the baby back with him. This happened sixteen years ago. The girl is now a brilliant biology student at Lima University—a circumstance which seems to confirm the U.N.E.S.C.O. contention that, given equality of opportunity, no one of the races of mankind need be mentally inferior to another. And if this theory be generally conceded, it provides also an illuminating commentary on the slenderness of the time and mentality span that in reality separates the Stone Age man of to-day from his contemporary of civilized society.

END

The Delicate Ones

(*Continued from page 19*)

enchanting companion, a boy of great delicacy and sensibility, a brilliant boy, not a *footballing* or *cricketing* boy. Do you see that window on the fourth floor, second from the left?"

Dennis nodded sullenly. He had an unreal, cotton-woolly feeling; his eyes felt gritting in the morning sunshine; his mouth tasted.

"I'm sorry to say," said Mr. Rumsey, in a hushed voice, "he passed away in that room. Too brilliant, you know—*all brain.*" He tossed his scarf-end decisively over his shoulder. "No, I really can't stay here. I know another hotel. The things are not too much for you? Splendid. Come along, then—it's no great distance."

Dennis ground his teeth, and a long, continuous chain of evil words passed silently through his mind. When, at last, they were fixed up at a hotel, he fell on his bed in a stupor, while shrill motor-horns honked with a French accent in the sunny street.

THEY spent a week in Paris. Dennis enjoyed the mornings best; he had them to himself.

"I make it a practise," said Mr. Rumsey, "when travelling abroad with a youthful companion, that we don't meet until luncheon. In the afternoon, we visit the galleries. *I* then rest in my room. We dine together. In this way, we don't become tiresome to each other. A schoolmaster so pours himself out, so drains himself, in term time, that refreshment and replenishment are vital to him on his vacation, to enable him to face again the endless weeks of *boys' faces.*"

Mr. Rumsey's view of individual boys seemed to be quite different from the view he took of boys collectively. In fact, the pleasure he took in Paris seemed often to be shadowed by memories of boys, now departed, to whom he had been able to give happy days here in the past. He frequently spoke of them. They had all been boys of exceptional charm and delicacy. They got on Dennis's nerves. Sometimes he dreamed of them. They floated round in his mind, a ring of ethereal faces, poetic, melancholy and somehow fated. These dreams left him with an indefinable unease, which he shook off by spending his mornings at the bookstalls along the Seine, copping a free read in the more licentious volumes, and darting furtive glances from side to side under his pork-pie hat.

THEY reached Venice one mid-afternoon, after a fatiguing journey. With a suitcase in each hand, his arms bent outward by other paraphernalia, Dennis followed Mr. Rumsey out on to the station steps. Mr. Rumsey stood breathing deeply through his nose, surveying the line of gondolas moored along the quay, the Rialto Bridge to the right, and to the left the wide water of the lagoon shining resplendent in the heat.

"Venice!" said Mr. Rumsey. He was deeply moved. "I never thought I should live, Pell, to hold once more the gorgeous East in fee." He tossed his scarf back over his shoulder. "Come, get the things aboard the gondola."

On the second night, Dennis found himself unable to sleep. After tossing and turning for a while, he dressed and, creeping downstairs, went to take a walk on the quay, moonless and unfrequented. The Doges' Palace, with its glum associations with torture and martyrdom, loomed up with a discouraging mausoleum pallor, and the Bridge of Sighs cast lugubrious shadow over the dank canal.

Dennis went back to the hotel. His room was on the third floor, Mr. Rumsey's on the second. As he tiptoed upstairs, Dennis saw that Mr. Rumsey's door stood half open and that the light in the room was on. He remembered his father's deduction about Mr. Rumsey fearing illness; and moved by an impulse of solicitude rare in him at the best of times, Dennis tapped on the door.

"You all right, sir?"

No reply. He pushed the door open, looked in. The small room was almost entirely taken up by the bed, smooth under its mosquito-curtain. The bedside table, over which a reading-lamp shed its brightness, scarcely left room for the door to open. Mr. Rumsey had been writing. On the table were a pen, a bottle of ink, and a sheet of paper covered with Mr. Rumsey's distinctive calligraphy. Mr. Rumsey always wrote names in capitals, and Dennis's own name caught his eye. He craned further into the room. With many emendations, the paper was the draft of a seemingly difficult letter to his parents, to be copied fair at some later date. The nature of the letter sent over Dennis a wave of cold as from a crypt. Phrases that leaped out at him with a nightmare clarity lifted the hair on his scalp:

"Melancholy duty—some insidious infection—resembling Maltese fever. Poor Dennis's last hours—you were in his thoughts—a talented and companionable boy—future of brilliant promise—last resting-place—constitution undermined—delicate. . ."

A door banged, somewhere below. He spun round. He heard Mr. Rumsey's voice in the hall below, requesting that China tea be brought to his room, and another voice saying, "I breeng-a—*si, subito—prego, signore.*"

Dennis ran quickly and quietly upstairs to his own room. He locked the door, sat down on the bed. His heart thumped slow and sultry from the shock of what he had seen—the draft of a letter to his parents *announcing his death.* Mr. Arthur Gentle Rumsey, M.A., was a madman. It was the only explanation. What had happened to that boy at the hotel in Paris, years ago? What had happened to all those others Mr. Rumsey had mentioned? What had Mr. Rumsey in store for *him,* Dennis?

From the side canal to which the shutters of the window opened came the creaking of a stern-oar and the lonely voice of a gondolier singing a mournful song as he propelled his craft homeward over the rippling black water.

(*Continued on page 64*)

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DENNIS woke to a warm flood of sunshine, to the outcries of bargees abusing each other as they brought fruit and vegetables down the side canals to the Rialto market, and to a full realization of his predicament.

He couldn't just walk out—he had little money, and Mr. Rumsey had his return ticket. He could go to the police, but his story was so peculiar, and his Italian so elementary, he doubted whether he could convince them. He really needed something to show—something that spoke for itself. He needed that letter. . . .

With his morning, as usual, to himself, he abandoned his customary search for free reads in unexpurgated volumes printed in Florence, and instead lurked about the quay after breakfast. Towards eleven o'clock, he ducked for cover behind the potted shrubs hedging the tables under the hotel awning, as Mr. Rumsey came out. Mr. Rumsey had left off his scarf, as a holiday concession to the climate, and his low, soft collar looked almost Byronic. He drew in a few deep breaths of the heat-dazzle, then set off briskly along the quay.

Furtively, Dennis followed.

Mr. Rumsey crossed the Piazza San Marco, his tall figure scattering the pigeons. He paused to look up at the Campanile, and the golden horses on the cathedral, then walked on briskly and entered one of the small, arcaded shops.

Dennis checked, feeling again that chill along his spine. "Some insidious infection . . ." *The shop was a chemist's.*

He turned abruptly, walked back fast to the hotel. He went upstairs, glanced quickly round, slipped into Mr. Rumsey's room. There was nothing on the bedside table but ink, pen, and the book Mr. Rumsey had brought—Bulwer Lytton's *What Will He Do With It?* Dennis went rapidly through the drawers of the dressing-table without finding what he was looking for. Under the bed was Mr. Rumsey's suitcase. It was locked. Dennis straightened up, gnawing his lips. No use taking the whole suitcase to the police; if the letter weren't in it, he'd look a fool. All he could do was keep his eyes open.

At lunch on the quay, under the hotel awning, he watched Mr. Rumsey's hands suspiciously for any sign of a pinch of powder falling from them. Mr. Rumsey's hands were small, well-kept; he used them deftly. Dennis felt a creeping horror of them as he watched their elegant flitting among the table appointments—now selecting an olive from the dish, now hovering in the vicinity of the *ravioli* platter, now fastidiously stirring with horn servers the salad in the bowl, now making suave passes over the open Chianti flask.

"And have you had a delightful morning, Pell?" said Mr. Rumsey. "You must tell me all about it. Your first visit to Venice—you will always remember it. Alas, it's probably my last. I am an old man—my longevity is really quite ridiculous. I am the well-preserved kind that goes to pieces quite *suddenly*. But we won't think of mortality, Pell. This afternoon, I shall show you my favourite picture—*the* Bellini. Such a relief from the vulgarly copious Tintorettos."

He smiled his sweet smile, but Dennis was watching the sensitive fingers which lightly stroked the neck of the sun-glittering water-carafe.

Dennis took no water to his lunch. He took, indeed, very little food during the next two days. Even his morning rolls and coffee, brought to his bedroom, he sniffed over cautiously before partaking.

"It has occurred to me, Pell," said Mr. Rumsey, at lunch on the fourth day, "that you seem a little depressed. Perhaps I've been selfish, in my devotion to Venice. At your age, you might enjoy more the *modern* pleasures of San Remo. We will move there to-morrow. I know an admirable little hotel."

THE hotel was on the outskirts of San Remo.

"I shall leave you to your own devices, Pell," said Mr. Rumsey, after dinner on the evening of their arrival. "I have some letters to see to. So tiresome."

He went off to the lounge. Dennis put on his pork-pie hat, and, hands in pockets, walked out scowling into the gardens. The gardens were moonlit, starred here and there with the white globe of a lamp. Crickets seethed under the dark fronds of the palm trees. He followed a path which led him up to a cliff-top. Far across the water, crawling silver, shone the lights of Mentone.

He stared at them unseeingly. What was in that letter Mr. Rumsey was composing? Why had they really come here to San Remo? The move seemed to imply some change of *intent* in Mr. Rumsey—as though he had realized that Dennis was too sharp to let himself be poisoned. Had Mr. Rumsey conceived some alternative means, some means to which San Remo lent itself but Venice did not?

For a long time, Dennis stood pondering, watching the quiet surge of the sea far below. *Sh-sh-SH,* went the sea, whitening among the rocks. *Sh-sh-SH*—the sound was insistent. It seemed to be carrying some message to his mind. Suddenly he felt again that breath of cold on his neck. What was present at San Remo that was not present in Venice *was a cliff*—and he was standing alone on the edge of it, in the moonlight . . .

At that moment, a genial voice behind him said, "Ah, Pell! Here you are, I see!"

Dennis turned like lightning. Mr. Rumsey stood there, a tall, sombre figure in the moonlight, raising a hand to toss his scarf-end back over his shoulder. And Dennis's hair stirred on his scalp. His nerve broke.

He shouted, "Keep away from me! Stand back!"

He moved quickly, to get Mr. Rumsey between himself and the cliff-edge. He saw the writing-compendium under Mr. Rumsey's arm. In a sudden spasm of cunning and daring, Dennis darted in, snatched the compendium.

"You're a murderer! You're insane, under your old-maidish, finicking pretences!" He backed towards one of the globe-lamps, tearing open the compendium, scattering the contents. He was shouting. "Holidays for nothing, eh? I'll show the whole world what *you* get out of it! Refreshment? Replenishment, eh? It's the kind of refreshment they'll hang you for—or put you in Broadmoor for, you bloodsucking old vampire! You'll see!"

The light of the lamp fell over the paper in his hand. He darted his close-set eyes over the writing. This was it, all right. This was the draft letter he had seen in Paris. But his heart gave a sick lunge as he noticed, for the first time, that there was a date at the foot of the paper: "Paris, 8.viii.38." *Twelve years ago.*

Something was pinned to the back of the paper. Dazedly, he looked to see what it was. It was the snapshot of a slender, tall, good-looking boy standing on the steps of a Paris hotel with curved, opulent sunblinds. The boy was about eighteen. The photograph was inscribed: "To Mr. Rumsey, in gratitude for many kindnesses, from Dennis Randle."

Mr. Rumsey moved forward. He hesitated, looking at the things scattered in the dust—old letters, faded photographs, a yellowed visiting-card, a miniature of a lady with ringlets. He stooped and picked up the miniature. Without looking at Dennis, he pushed his scarf-end back over his shoulder, and slowly, as though he felt at last the weight of his years, walked away down the path. The crickets seethed, the sea surged quietly at the foot of the cliff, the lamps starred the palm gardens.

"Very odd—a very difficult, peculiar boy," murmured Mr. Rumsey. "*Most* ungrateful!"

END

The Four Accusers (*Continued from page* 31)

"Of course he did!" Street exclaimed. He added, pointedly: "So did Mrs. Moore. Even if there was some estrangement, I imagine she was still free to enter the office block. If I remember rightly, you did a little secretarial work, Mrs. Moore?"

"How do you know that?" Harvey snapped. "You've said yourself you weren't on speaking terms. . . ."

"Oh, somebody told me." Street sounded weary. "I expect it was at the club. . . ."

"Need you wrangle over that?" Gillian Moore said. "I'm the one it concerns, and I'm not denying that I was often across in the office. Satisfied, Mr. Street?" There was an ironical twist to her lips which matched the expression in her voice.

"My dear lady," Street protested. "It is not my satisfaction which matters. It is for the police to be satisfied. And if rumour has any truth in it, I expect they will want to know why your husband stopped certain philanderings so abruptly. Had you some sort of a hold over him? Had you uttered threats?"

Again, Gillian put out a hand to restrain Harvey. She said, coldly: "You seem eager to accuse me, Mr. Street. Can it be you consider attack the best form of defence? I can testify that Andrew told me—in his typically gloating manner—that some of his new business interests would soon drive you out of the market. He was referring, of course, to laboratory equipment. Incidentally, he seemed to think you had stolen some of his ideas. Many years ago, of course."

"He said that, did he?" Street's voice was suddenly hard. "Why, I could tell you something. . . ." He broke off, evidently changing his mind. "I'll keep it for the police," he growled.

"I'm sure you'll tell them a fine story," Harvey said quickly. "But if I were you, I'd keep it within provable bounds. . . ."

"Please, please," Liang protested, "we're not getting anywhere, you know. Our tempers are becoming ragged, and that is a poor way of preparing ourselves for the official interrogation to come."

"Very true," Street agreed.

"Something less controversial," said Liang. He spoke slowly, evidently considering his words before uttering them.

In the hall, Mr. Koo felt resentful. It seemed that Liang was about to spoil everything. Until now, they had been accusing each other, either openly or indirectly. There was much prejudice, naturally; but here and there there had been useful information. Perhaps the moment had come for him to make an official entrance. Given much more time these people would be ready with their half-truths, their little concealments. . .

Liang continued: "When the shot was fired, I was walking along the path towards the veranda at the back of the plantation offices. That was the place where I was to meet Mr. Moore. Mr. Street was somewhere at the front of the offices. . . ."

"Walking slowly," Street interjected, "because I was a good five minutes early for my appointment. I was the other side of the storeroom, which juts out several feet. So the window of his room was hidden from me. . . ."

"Quite," said Liang smoothly. "Mrs. Moore was in here, reading a book, and Mr. Harvey was somewhere between the garage and the offices. . . ."

"Right," said Harvey. "Andrew had asked me to take a look at his car. . . ."

"An unusual request?" asked Liang.

"No. I'm quite useful with cars. And you know the mechanical abilities of the average Malay chauffeur. . . ."

"Then there was a shot," said Liang. "Now, how many people knew the revolver was in the office, kept in a drawer? You did, Mr. Harvey, because I recall that you mentioned recognizing it. . . ."

"I knew it was there," Gillian Moore said tonelessly. "My—my husband had warned me not to touch it. He said it was exceptionally

light in the trigger and would go off very easily."

"That's correct," Harvey cut in. "It went off about a week ago—when he was cleaning it. No damage done, apart from a bullet hole in the floor. Scared the clerks pretty badly—they thought it was a bandit attack. Andrew was very amused. He seemed to get a kick out of frightening people. . . ."

"Not having been on good terms," Street remarked, "I, naturally, wouldn't know of the weapon."

"What about your last meeting—when you quarrelled?" Gillian Moore said sharply. "He laughed about it, afterwards. He told me he'd pulled out the revolver when you lost your temper, and that you were genuinely scared."

"I think it was already lying on his desk," Street said. "Anyway, the first I noticed of it was when it was in his hand." He added softly: "Weakness in others always amused him. I admit I'm scared of firearms—it dates back to a distressing accident when I was a kid. . . ."

There was an awkward silence.

Then Liang said: "In some ways he had the mind of one of the great cats. If you're speaking the truth about firearms, Mr. Street, it rather lets you out. I'm thinking of the psychological angle. . . ."

"I doubt if the police will set much store by psychology," Harvey said curtly.

Mr. Koo was shocked. But for being there on official duty he would have stepped into the room and taken up the argument from that point. Was he not striving to solve this case by peering into the hearts and the minds of the people who were in this room? He thought: Not only do I learn; but I consider what I am learning. This reminded him of an axiom, which he repeated very softly to himself. "If a man learns but does not think, then he is nothing. If he thinks but does not learn, then he is in a dangerous state."

Inside the room. Harvey was saying: "You introduced the topic of the revolver, Mr. Liang; but you've been careful to say nothing about yourself in that connection. Are you so sure you knew nothing of it?"

Unexpectedly, Liang laughed. "My dear Mr. Harvey! I sold it to him!"

Mr. Koo was so surprised by this admission that he came near to dropping his panama hat. Perhaps it was fortunate things happened this way, for in tightening his grip on it he was reminded that he was in the darkened hall. And at the same moment he heard sounds from the narrow passage which led to the kitchen.

For a second he hesitated. Then, very quietly, he stepped out into the darkness of the veranda. The desire to question the people in the room evaporated. He had heard too much already. His mind was confused. Truth, he felt, lay about him in fragments. The difficulty was to put the pieces together so that they made a pattern.

"It would be most excellent," he murmured, "if I could sleep on all this, and awaken to find that it was only part of a crime novel with the author obligingly supplying the solution."

He sighed and went slowly down the steps from the veranda. He looked longingly across at the car. Only a short drive and he could be within walking distance of his bed. Then he looked at the long, low block of the plantation offices, and particularly at a square of light. As he watched, he saw a tall, bent-shouldered figure cross the open window. Mr. Koo's chuckle was liquidly soft. He could picture Dr. Chadwick prowling the room, grumbling testily because the police were so long in arriving. Mr. Koo, standing in the lights of the police car, beckoned to one of the constables. Then he pressed his panama firmly on his head, and walked forward. Slowly, breathing heavily at the exertion.

He would, he decided, enter the room by the low veranda and the open window. He could climb the veranda by the bamboo clump.

"Only a cursory examination, naturally." Dr. Chadwick was still irritable, in spite of Mr. Koo's bland and courteous greetings. "Sufficient to establish that life's extinct."

Mr. Koo's plump fingers twiddled with the brim of the panama.

"A revolver on the floor. Also a stick. A small table knocked over, Odds and ends of equipment scattered." He leaned forward, rather like an elephant about to kneel, peered through the thick lenses of his glasses, and added: "Some fragments of glass. Test tubes, perhaps. A few stains."

Dr. Chadwick coughed drily. "I should have expected you to take pictures. Quicker." He was still impatient.

"That will come later," said Mr. Koo. "We're short-handed at the moment. Another car will be coming out as soon as it returns from a shooting which took place earlier this evening. For the moment, I must manage alone." He added, avoiding boasting and modesty; "It will not inconvenience me greatly. My eyes are equal to any camera."

In spite of his bulk, he moved neatly about the room. He dropped on one knee beside the weapon, which was near to the open window. He stooped lower to breathe on it, then examined it obliquely.

"We can confirm it when we use powder," he said, "but I can reach the conclusion already. Either it was wiped, or gloves were used." He stood up, grunting a little. Then he looked around the room, seeming to take visual measurements.

The doctor lit a cigarette.

"It was definitely the bullet which caused death?" Mr. Koo asked. "I mean, the shock of realizing his life was in jeopardy wouldn't have caused any heart trouble?"

"Nothing wrong with his heart." Dr. Chadwick added, almost reluctantly. "I'm sure of that, because I examined him a couple of months ago."

"How very interesting," said Mr. Koo. "I've heard he wasn't a man who rushed to a doctor. . . ."

"Not without cause." The doctor's voice (*Continued on page 66*)

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didn't invite further questions; but Mr. Koo seemed not to notice this.

"There was good cause when he did consult you?"

For a moment Dr. Chadwick hesitated. "I don't think it has bearing. . . ." He shrugged his shoulders. "I suppose you'll ferret it out if I don't tell you. Cancer. He refused an operation."

"Wisely?"

The doctor hesitated again; then nodded his head.

Mr. Koo seemed to dismiss the subject. He pointed to the stick. "Did he have to use that for walking?'

"It wasn't essential."

"But he found it useful when he lost his temper," Mr. Koo observed. He saw that the doctor looked uncomfortable. And Mr. Koo tactfully refrained from further comment. It was rumoured that Moore had struck his wife more than once. Dr. Chadwick would know; he was said to be friendly with her. Mr. Koo thought: And he wonders if she did it—which is why his manner hasn't been friendly since I came into the room. He gave a sluggish shrug of his great shoulders.

He padded around the room again. Opened a drawer. Held up a pair of rubber gloves.

"He'd use those in his laboratory work," the doctor said. "Science of the soil, you know."

Mr. Koo dropped the gloves. "Quite a number of ingenious stands," he commented. "For holding test tubes, retorts, and so on, I suppose."

"Yes. He was good at designing that sort of thing—particularly when it came to improved adjustments." Dr. Chadwick praised reluctantly.

Mr. Koo thoughtfully twisted a small knob, watched two metal jaws coming together. "There were slight scratches on the revolver," he murmured.

The doctor asked a question; but Mr. Koo didn't hear. He was busy sorting the fragments of truth, re-arranging them. Andrew Moore was going to die, and knew it. His sort of life had come to an end. The philandering had ceased. And there was only a little time left for him to torment those who were about him. All those people back in the house were his victims.

Mr. Koo thoughtfully picked up one of the ingenious gadgets which had fallen to the floor. He looked at the heavy stand, the gleaming arms, the adjusting screws. He looked for a long time, until Dr. Chadwick became impatient.

"Have you found something, Mr. Koo?"

"I think we could endorse our dossier: The Case of the Final Torment," Mr. Koo said softly. He crossed to the window and called to the Malay policeman outside. Gave swift instructions.

"Just what are you getting at?" the doctor demanded.

"You see," said Mr. Koo. "It would be possible to arrange this. The overturned table, the various things on the floor. In a minute I shall try to secure the revolver by means of these metal arms. It is a weapon with a very easy trigger, mind you. Then, if a man measured distance carefully. . . ." He stepped back. "And then tapped with a stick. Eh? You see it, doctor?"

"But the revolver would fall with the stand—be close to it—not over by the window. Of course, the recoil would throw it a little. What makes you think that's what happened?"

There was a scuffling on the veranda. The constable appeared. He thrust a bamboo stem towards Mr. Koo. From it, there dangled a length of black thread.

"The bamboo outside," said Mr. Koo. "Skilfully arranged, there'd be just enough jerk to pull the weapon towards the window and to break the thread. Chances were against its being found."

Dr. Chadwick dabbed at his face with a handkerchief. "And at least four people would have been under suspicion for murder. There are four people here—you know that?"

Mr. Koo nodded. "It was listening to them that I learnt of the black thread. I was very worried—it didn't fit."

The doctor whistled softly. "He must have been mad," he said. "A horrible form of madness."

"We're all afflicted with something," said Mr. Koo soberly. "Do you happen to have any indigestion tablets with you, doctor?"

END

Ribbed Cardigan

(*Continued from page* 36)

to No. 11 neeedles and work as follows: k. 12, rib to end of row, beg. p. 2.

Next row.—Rib to last 12 sts., k. 12. Continue in this way until work measures 3 ins., when another buttonhole should be worked (26 rows between buttonholes, which should be worked at every 2½ ins., the last one coming in neckband). When work measures 4 ins. change to No. 13 needles and rib 3 ins. Change back to No. 11 needles and inc. at end of this and every following 4th row until there are 78 sts. on needle. Continue until work measures 13 ins. Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next wrong side row and dec. 1 st. at beg. of next 7 wrong side rows (65 sts.). Continue until work measures 16 ins. Change to No. 13 needles and work 22 rows g.st. Change back to No. 11 needles and continue until work measures 20 ins.

Next row.—K. border sts. and place them on a safety-pin, work to end of row. Continue on these 53 sts., taking 2 tog. at neck edge on every row until there are 40 sts. on needle. Continue until work measures 21 ins., then rib 30, turn and work back.

Next row.—Rib 20, turn and work back.

Next row.—Rib 10, turn and work back.

Cast off. Work second front to match, but omitting buttonholes and reversing shapings.

SLEEVES (both alike)

Cast on 52 sts. on No. 13 needles and work in g.st. for 22 rows. Change to No. 11 needles and rib, and continue until work measures 3 ins. Inc. at each end of next and every following 6th row until there are 100 sts. on needle, then continue without shaping until work measures 17½ ins. Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. on every alternate row until there are 52 sts. on needle, then on every row until there are 20 sts. on needle. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Join shoulder seams. With No. 13 needles, k. 12 sts. from safety-pin on right front, pick up 97 sts. round neck, k. 12 from safety-pin on left front. Continue on these sts. till 2½ ins. above last buttonhole; make a buttonhole in usual way and continue till you have worked 22 rows to match borders. Cast off.

Place damp cloth over work and hold hot iron near enough to steam it but do not press. Set sleeves into armholes and join side and sleeve seams. Sew on buttons and neaten buttonholes.

END

Deep-Welted Jumper

(*Continued from page* 36)

these sts. every second row: 4, 3, 2, 2, 1 sts. Finish shoulders at same height and in same manner as back.

SLEEVE

Cast on 40 sts. and work in No. 3 patt., inc. by 1 st. at right edge every second row 10 times. Work a second piece: cast on 40 sts. and inc. in the same way at left edge. Place the two pieces on one needle (the dec. being in the centre) and work over both pieces. Inc. by 1 st. both sides ten times every 4th row. When sleeve measures 5½ ins. from beg. shape top of sleeve: cast off 2 sts. at each end of row, then cast off 2 sts. at each end of every 4th row; 5½ ins. from beg. of shaping, cast off 4 sts. at each end three times, then 3 sts. at each end, and finally cast off the remaining sts.

To make ornamental lines: mark lines with cotton and crochet in single crochet along the marked lines, then remove cotton.

TO MAKE UP

Stitch up side and shoulder seams. Insert sleeves. Pick up 126 sts. round neck and k. 1 row (wrong side of work), then work 5 rows in st.st. (right side of work k., wrong side p.). Cast off. This border is hemmed inwards and a similar border is knitted around sleeve edge, but when doing the sleeve border inc. by 1 st. at corners of point in 1st and 3rd rows. Hem border at opening in back inwards and sew small loops for buttons. Thread three rows of elastic thread through waistline.

END

Census Of The Population

(*Continued from page* 13)

already in 1801 the idea of a census was half a century old in Britain. The Government had introduced a Census Bill in 1753 and the Commons had passed it—despite diehard opposition through Biblical superstition and mistaken views of its effect on the Englishman's liberties. But the Lords had thrown it out and the scheme had been shelved until near the end of Pitt's premiership. By then the Industrial Revolution and Malthus's writings had induced a more realistic view of population problems, and the second census Bill became law.

Censuses, more or less accurate, are almost as old as history. There is the Exodus enumeration, and there are records of counts in ancient Persia, China and Egypt. Rome held a five-year census and there is the Domesday Book of 1086. From 1665 to 1754 French Canada held sixteen censuses. In Europe, Iceland had one in 1703. But the first European country to hold a complete enumeration was Sweden, in 1749. Spain started in 1787, and the United States followed with its first ten-year census in 1790. France and Portugal held counts in 1801, and Ireland in 1813. The practice spread steadily to other countries, probably the latest country to adopt it being Turkey, in 1927.

Britain's census of 1951 will be as accurate as modern methods and careful planning and organization can make it. Publicity's big guns will be called in to help too. Broadcast talks, lessons in schools, press co-operation and, no doubt, television and the cinema will put it over so thoroughly that everyone will have a chance of knowing its objects, its importance, the questions it asks and how to fill them in.

During the week before C-day 50,000 enumerators will deliver census forms to every appropriate address in England and Wales. And those of no address, the nomads, the homeless? If the 1951 plans are the same as those for 1931, the Forestry Commission will look after the gipsies, and the police will be responsible for anyone spending census night "in a barn, shed or kiln, under a railway arch or on a stairway accessible to the public or in the open air." And then, after C-day, having committed our potted life-histories to the Registrar-General's care, all that we need do is sit back and wait for the Blue Books.

END

Prevention Is Better Than Pedicure

(*Continued from page* 46)

When this is impracticable, try changing the height of the shoe heel. Higher heels will relieve the strain on the long arch (which curves from the heel to the toes); lower heels will reduce the strain on the forefoot and toes.

If the foot is kept flexible, foot disorders should never develop, but when they do, they should be taken as a timely warning that the foot is not functioning as it should be. Don't be too eager to accuse your new shoes. True, ill-fitting shoes can exacerbate foot strain, but they are all too often wrongly blamed for foot disabilities that are actually due to physical changes in the foot.

That is why it is wise to consult a chiropodist at the first sign of foot strain. His trained eye will be able to diagnose causes of which the sufferer herself may possibly be quite unaware. He may decide that a corn on the little toe is not an isolated condition but has arisen because of arthritic changes of the joint, or because a rheumatic condition of the inner border of the foot has caused the weight to be thrown on the outer foot as a protection. In this case local treatment will not have permanent results until the physical condition has been treated, too. Similarly, a painful thickening under the ball of the foot, due to a dropped metatarsal arch, will not respond to local treatment, if the arch condition is not corrected at the same time.

END

Beginner's Garden

(*Continued from page* 35)

really decorative and easy-to-maintain hedge, waste no time nor money on dull, green walls, like privet or yew. The new hedges are built from all kinds of flowering shrubs, and they strike a bright and cheerful note in the garden, and also provide indoor decoration. The easy-to-grow ones are lilac, forsythia, laurestinus, berberis, mallow, to say nothing of buddleia, flowering currant and some hardy bush roses.

A lawn is more successful, and far cheaper, if started with seed, rather than turf. The important thing is to roll it well before and after the seed has been sown. It is better to buy a tough seed, at about three shillings a pound, and sow it thickly, to leave no room for weeds. You will enjoy your new garden far more if you build it up little by little in your own way. Take it gently at first and avoid the back-aching jobs that may undermine your enthusiasm for the most satisfying of hobbies—growing things.

END

Growing Out Of It

(*Continued from page* 54)

for the original manifestations remain. The various neuroses which spoil life and mar happiness in adults are nearly always attributable to hidden psychological hurts which should have been dealt with during childhood.

In spite of the fact that constant watchfulness is necessary, care must be taken not to discuss illness in front of children nor to put ideas of this kind into their heads. Any obvious and persistent departure from the normal should be quietly noted and advice obtained. School medical examinations play an important part in maintaining child fitness, for the routine check-up nips disease in the bud.

Blindness and complacency have a devastating effect not only on the living but on the future generations. The guardians of child welfare have no business to take risks and must never adopt the futile attitude that a child will naturally outgrow his ill-health. Such a view is unwarranted and is one of self-deception. When there is any doubt consult a doctor, for only then is the hope permissible that the trouble can be overcome.

END

Never *MAKE* your child eat

Mother—when your child refuses good food at mealtimes, seems mopey and irritable—don't blame the youngster, and certainly don't try to make him eat. So often lack of appetite is simply due to constipation.

The sure, quick way to cleanse the little one's system is 'California Syrup of Figs'. This laxative which contains extracts of both senna and ripe figs is gentle but sure in action; besides, children really love its pleasant taste.

Soon you will find your kiddie's constipation has gone, and the tiresome mood with it—a healthy appetite is back again; it's a joy to have the youngster about the house. Make sure your child is regular, healthy and happy. Buy a bottle of 'California Syrup of Figs' (Regd.) to-day, and remember to emphasize the word California . . . *that's really important.*

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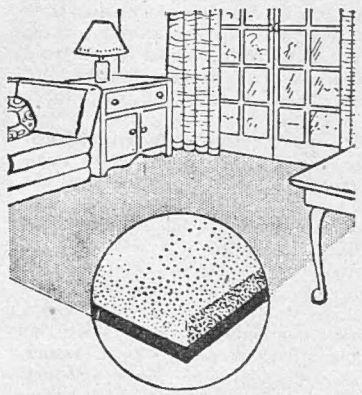

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Cuticura SOAP

Man Proposes (*Continued from page 50*)

For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,—
Thou must be married to no man but me;
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate;
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Comformable as other household Kates,
Here comes your father; never make denial;
I must and will have Kathryn to my wife."

Not less assured is the fatuous Mr. Collins of Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*:

"You can hardly doubt the purport of my discourse, however your natural delicacy may lead you to dissemble. My attentions have been too marked to be mistaken. Almost as soon as I entered the house I singled you out as the companion of my future life. . . ." and so on until: ". . . . and now, nothing remains but for me to assure you in the most animated terms of the violence of my affection. To fortune I am perfectly indifferent, and shall make no demands of that nature on your father since I am well aware that it could not be complied with . . . ." and so on.

The proposal of current fiction at least has the virtue of brevity if not of wit or sentiment as typified in Alec Waugh's *Vile Bodies*.

"Poor Adam," said Nina suddenly.

"Why did you say that?"

"I don't know . . . I believe this is your car. . . ."

"Nina, why did you say 'poor Adam'?"

"Did I . . . oh, I don't know. Oh, I do adore you so."

"I'm going to be married tomorrow. Are you?"

"Yes, I expect so dear."

That is a proposal. What *would* Mr. Collins have said?

A search for memorable proposals would not be complete without Daisy Ashford's little comedy epic from *The Young Visitors*:

"This is agony," said Mr. Salteena, clutching hold of the table, "my life will be sour grapes and ashes without you."

"Be a man," said Ethel in a gentle whisper, "and I shall always think of you in a warm manner."

END

A Drama Of The Revolution (*Continued from page 24*)

But more than her life was in the balance—the trend of the whole Revolution. For Tallien, determined to save her at all costs, had steeled himself to desperate measures which actually turned the course of history. Arming himself with a dagger, summoning his party followers to rally round him, he strode into the Convention resolved that Robespierre, not Therezia, should go to the scaffold.

Waving aside the business in hand, he mounted the Tribune and launched into a violent attack on the tyrant. "I move," he cried, "that Robespierre be put to death!" And, whipping out his dagger: "If the rest of you are slaves and cowards I have a dagger ready for his heart!"

In the uproar that followed Robespierre, in his dandy silk coat, embroidered vest, silver-buckled shoes and sprucely trimmed and powdered hair, tried to make himself heard, but all that seemed to come from him was a hoarse, stifled croak. "Down with the tyrant!" roared Tallien's followers. "Is it Danton's blood that's choking him? Arrest him! To the scaffold with him! Down with the tyrant!"

His sudden overthrow by men who were tired of his tyranny and feared to be his next victims enabled Tallien to countermand the order for Therezia's execution. After evading arrest for a few hours, Robespierre and some of his confederates were cornered by gendarmes, a youth named Merda shot him through the jaw as he tried to escape, and the following day he was carried, dumb and half-prostrate, to the guillotine.

That was virtually the end of the Terror, for Tallien, with Therezia restored to him, favoured a less bloodthirsty policy. In December she became Mme. Tallien and evidently retained her beneficial influence over him. Of his love there is no doubt. Was it a love-match on both sides? Was her sudden conversion to his revolutionary ideas genuine? It has been suggested that she merely played a part to save her neck, and in later years deserted him for another. But perhaps, since she was a woman, and one of rare beauty, she was a complex of all these things, and even she could hardly say where self-interest and expediency merged into love and a changed political faith?

END

Books (*Continued rom page 32*)

are plenty of guides to Paris. **"The Paris We Love"** (McGraw-Hill, 30s.), edited by Doré Ogrizek, is unique in having writers like Jules Romains, Maurois, and Lucien François to describe localities they know intimately, and modern artists to portray them in enchanting colour, apart from reproductions of the Impressionists and others. No lover of Paris could wish for a handsomer souvenir.

Alfred Firth's **"French Life and Landscape,"** Vol. 1 (Elek, 12s. 6d.), covers Paris and the North, Touraine, the Landes and the Loire. It is well written, packed with historical and architectural background, and has excellent photographs.

G. Bernard Wood—who has often written for this magazine—in **"Yorkshire Tribute"** (Methuen, 15s.), has drawn on his twenty years' wanderings about the shire as freelance journalist, recalling local associations with the famous—Mary Stuart, Charles I, Turner, Lewis Carroll—describing rural crafts, and collecting a mass of fascinating lore which will astonish many who imagine they know their Yorkshire well. His fifty-seven photographs, reproduced in gravure, help to make a distinctive book.

YEARS ago, after the success of *1066 and All That*, Reginald Arkell acquired a Cotswold house. From a field behind it Mrs. Arkell and he patiently conjured a gracious garden. From this have sprung the famous "Green Fingers" books, and now **"And a Green Thumb"** (Jenkins, 5s.), with Edgar Norfield's drawings. Mr. Arkell sweats as much in his booky den, seeking the *mot juste*, as ever he did in his garden; which is why his verses read so gracefully, so wittily.

NOT all novelists convince one that the life they portray they know from inside, but Walter Allen does. The setting of **"Dead Man Over All"** (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) is a Midland factory in 1940. Eric Norby, the founder's grandson, represents the old, traditional order; Dowland, the new-type manager to whom the overall plan is more important than the individual operative. Eric has not only to adjust himself to new conditions but to a socially superior artist-wife who is unfaithful to him. The complications make an absorbing, highly distinctive story.

NOT many besides Evelyn Waugh could make a readable novel of a legendary figure like the Empress Helena—daughter of old King Cole, mother of Constantine the Great—who was reputed to have found the wood of the Cross. **"Helena"** (Chapman & Hall, 9s. 6d.) gives us a lively picture of her court girlhood, then a satirical one of the Roman political set-up, a devout one of her miraculous discovery, in an ingenious blend of history, romance and fable.

KARL VOLLMOELLER, who wrote the scenario of the Cochran Olympia spectacle, *The Miracle*, embodied in it only one episode in the life of the nun Megildis who was drawn from her cloister to find love, remorse, and expiation in the world of men and women. In **"The Last Miracle"** (Cassell, 15s.), translated from the German by Louise Salm, he relates the whole chequered story in 700 pages. It is in the grand manner, with the vast character range of *Jew Süss*.

All the nice girls may love a sailor, but an Admiral's wife does not necessarily knuckle under when he inflicts quarter-deck discipline on the family. Warren Tute's study of Sir Richard and Lavinia in **"The Felthams"** (Cassell, 9s. 6d.) will stir sympathetic echoes in every Naval port, wardroom and mess.

HOUSES can mould lives, just as people can. Jean Ross's **"The Gothic House"** (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.) was built in St John's Wood in the seventies by a Scots business man whose family hated coming south. Only orphaned niece Alice loved it, and this is mainly the story of her life in it and her relations with the younger offshoots. A sound family chronicle, with real characters.

Elisabeth Ogilvie's **"Rowan Head"** (Harrap, 10s. 6d.) was an old house in Maine, and attractive young Miriam Chase went there as companion to mad Mrs. Cameron. She found that her presence added fuel to the hostility of the three Cameron sons, and became involved in a feud with a rival family. A tragic outcome could be foreseen, and Miss Ogilvie builds up to it dramatically.

Another study of U.S. community life—JohnBurgan's **"Long Discovery"** (Putnam 10s. 6d.)—deals with complicated family and social relationships in a coalmining district, with Ku Klux Klan contributing to the drama.

Ruritanian in its romance, by contrast, is Hester W. Chapman's novelization of Ivor Novello's **"King's Rhapsody"** (Harrap, 9s. 6d.). Novello's productions always have a good basic story, and Miss Chapman has let her imagination play round it with excellent effect, especially in the spirited dialogue.

THE importance of the craftsman in a machine age has moved John Farleigh to trace the history of crafts from earliest times, and describe visits to the workshops of some leading modern craftsmen in **"The Creative Craftsman"** (Bell, 21s.), an illustrated volume which itself exemplifies good bookcraft.

"British Motor Cars 1950/51," compiled and edited by A. H. Lukins (George Ronald, 7s. 6d.); **"Home Sweet Zoo,"** Clare Barnes, jr. (Methuen, 4s.); **"Among the Gauchos,"** Hugo Backhouse (Jarrolds, 15s.); **"The Anatomy of Satire,"** compiled by C. E. Vulliamy (Michael Joseph, 15s.); **"Harold's Leap,"** Stevie Smith (Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d.); **"Marco Polo,"** Maurice Collis (Faber & Faber, 8s. 6d.); **"Words to Live By,"** edited by William Nichols (Reinhardt & Evans, 10s. 6d.); **"Wingless Victory,"** Anthony Richardson (Odhams, 9s. 6d.); **"If I Had My Time Again,"** edited by Sir James Marchant, K.B.E. (Odhams, 10s. 6d.); **"The Dashiell Hammet Omnibus,"** (Cassell, 17s. 6d.).

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